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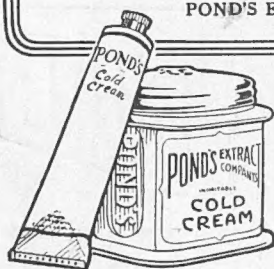
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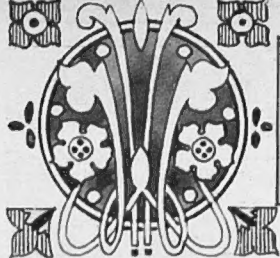
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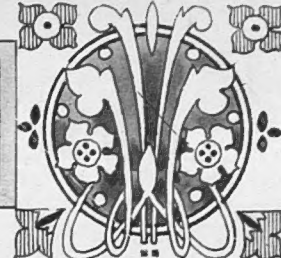
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THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1544—Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



1. LORD SWAYTHLING'S SECOND SON AND HIS FIANCÉE: THE HON. EUEN MONTAGU AND MISS IRIS RACHEL SOLOMON.

2. AT TOWNHILL PARK, SOUTHAMPTON: LADY SWAYTHLING, THE HON. EUEN MONTAGU, AND MISS IRIS RACHEL SOLOMON (L. TO R.).

Miss Iris Rachel Solomon, the younger daughter of Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, P.R.B.A., R.A., the famous artist, has been staying with her future father and mother-in-law, Lord and Lady Swaythling, at Townhill

Park, Southampton, where these photographs were taken. Miss Solomon's engagement to the Hon Euen Edward Samuel Montagu was announced in June.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Eve of a Holiday.

For the third time this year I am on the eve of taking a holiday. These attempts are not without interest. Maps are brought out. I have a set of road-maps for the whole of England. They are lovely maps. When all are open together, they carpet the floor of a moderate-sized room. The best roads are marked in thick red. The not-so-good roads are marked in thin red. The by-roads are marked in pale grey. Those are the roads I like. They have not been cut to pieces by lorries and charabancs.

One has to work very hard before setting out on a holiday—which will probably be shortened or totally prohibited by drenching rain. There are so many things to remember. Tobacco and cigarettes must be obtained in large quantities. As it happens, I am a very moderate smoker, but it is all part of the holiday to lay in these frantic stores.

Postal addresses must be arranged. That is a terrible nuisance when you don't know where you are going or how long you will stay there. I usually stamp and address a large number of large envelopes. These are seldom used, because the first thing I do after leaving home is to wire for all correspondence to be held up pending further instructions. I shall do the same to-morrow. One is always a little mad on the eve of a holiday. Go to any railway terminus in London and look at the people. The glint of temporary insanity is in every eye. That, too, is part of the holiday.

"We're Off!" You must unhinge your mind if you are to benefit by a holiday. It is like taking the pendulum off the eight-day clock, or slipping your gear-lever into neutral. The engine of the world may continue to revolve, but you have nothing to do with it. Let it—revolve.

You must have noticed how absurd a newspaper appears when taken up on holiday. All the cogs are turning, turning, just the same as ever; but you are in neutral. You may see the cogs, and you may even hear them, but you are not moved an inch. You are at rest. You are cooling off. You are sorry for the feverish cogs still turning.

The best moment of any holiday is the moment of starting. Nothing more can be done. You are off. If anything has been forgotten, it is forgotten. You can do without it.

If you have chosen the wrong destination, you have chosen it. You are off. You must make the best of it. At that supreme moment, any destination is good. The main thing is to get out of sight and sound of your usual residence.

You are sick to death of the view from the windows, and the carpets, and the furniture, and the pictures, and the beds, and the walls. All that really matters is to leave them behind. (You are glad enough to see them all when you get back. No holiday is really comfortable. That is all part of the holiday—the discomfort that makes you long for home.)

dies hard. It is a proof that most people do not yet understand the care of the teeth. If you must take a tooth-brush, instead of buying one on arrival, it should be a new tooth-brush. Your holiday, at the shortest, will probably last a fortnight. Any good dentist will tell you that no tooth-brush should be used longer than a fortnight. It follows, therefore, that you should buy a tooth-brush on arriving at your destination, and fling it away before you return home.

As for changes of clothes, you should buy those also on arrival. Then you will have new things for your holiday, and the sort of things we are talking about are always best when new. I don't know why, but they are. So don't take those.



THE MANTILLA WORN OVER A HAT, AND THE NEW "WRUNG" SATIN: FASHIONS FROM FRANCE.

Our photographs show two of the latest modes of the moment from France. One illustrates the white mantilla worn over a small hat, and the other pictures a coat and skirt made of the new "crinkly" material known as wrung satin.—[Photographs by G.P.A.]

On Taking Too Many Things.

I said just now that if anything has been forgotten you can do without it. This is a great truth, usually overlooked. When people are packing they say, "I might want it." And in it goes. They should say, "I might not want it," and leave it out. The less you take on a holiday the better. You don't really want anything. An old suit of clothes, very comfortable; an easy pair of shoes; a rain-coat; an old hat. A pipe, a pouch, and a box of matches. Money. As much money as you can take. That is all you want for a holiday.

"What about the tooth-brush?" goes up the yell. This old jest about the tooth-brush

no letters. I have known people to worry so much about letters that they pack up and dash off home, merely to discover that the important letter has never arrived. On the other hand, if you get your letters, why return at all? Things are going smoothly. You are not missed. The world is not at a standstill because you are fishing in Scotland. . . .

Pardon these few thoughts on the eve of a holiday. I have put them on paper, partly in the hope that they may be of service to you, still more for the simple human reason that my holiday would not have been a holiday had I taken my thoughts, and my blank paper, and my typewriter with me.

Letters.

Another well-worn adage runs: "Never have your letters forwarded." Well, this is a matter to be considered. Personally, I always have my letters forwarded—when I know where I am going. I like to get letters on holiday. You see your correspondents in a new perspective, and that is all to the good. To read a letter from a business acquaintance at your breakfast-table is one thing; to read a letter from the same person outside the post office of a Devonshire village is very different. You will either admire him more or suddenly discover that he is not worth bothering about.

Letters are a habit, and it is a bad thing to change all your habits on holiday. When you come down in the morning, you will find yourself looking in the rack for letters. You will see other people opening letters. You will wish you had some letters to open. You will wonder whether there are important letters waiting for you at your home. I have known holidays shortened by this trick of

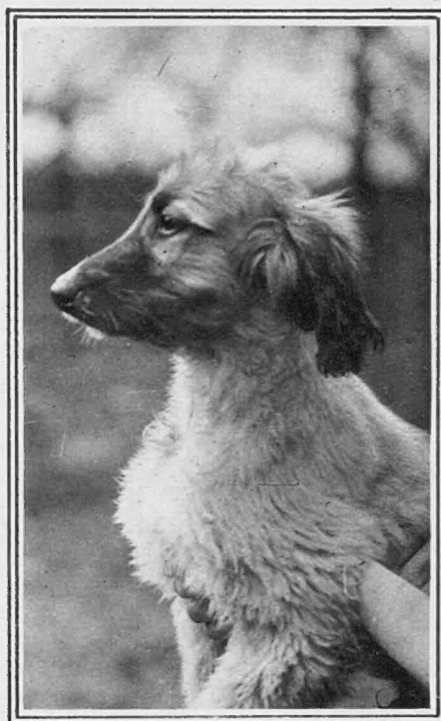
Afghan Beauties in Dumfriesshire: Dog Aristocrats.



BRED IN ENGLAND: SOME OF MAJOR BELL-MURRAY'S
YOUNG STOCK.



AFGHAN HOUNDS WITH MISS J. E. MANSON: RANEE, KANEE, STRAKER,
BEGUM, AND PUSHUM.



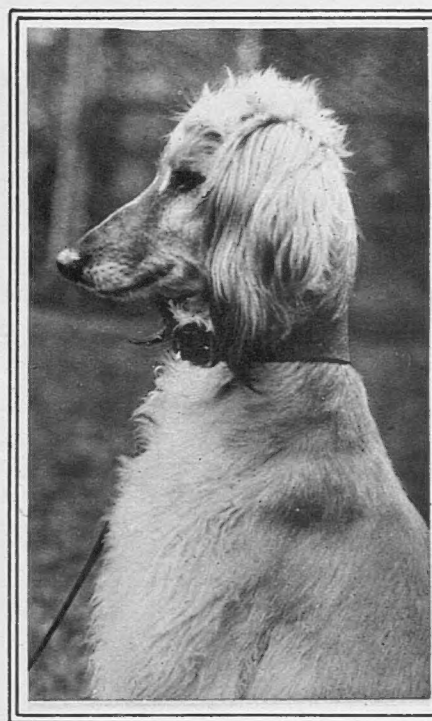
A YOUNG DOG: THE BEAUTY
OF BABYHOOD.



DESCENDANTS OF RAJAH AND BEGUM:
SCOTTISH-BORN AFGHAN HOUNDS.



FOUR PERFECT SPECIMENS OF A RARE BREED:
STRAKER, KANEE, BEGUM, AND PUSHUM.



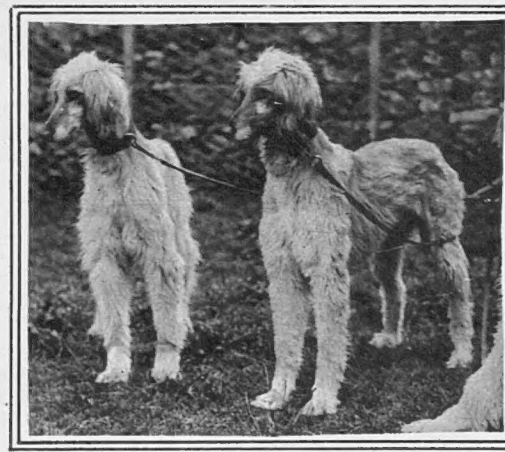
AN AFGHAN HOUND WITH A PARTICULARLY
FINE HEAD: KANEE.



SHOWING THE "FRILLY" COAT OF THE
AFGHAN BREED: STRAKER.



LOOKING RATHER WISTFUL: A "CLOSE-UP"
OF RANEE AND STRAKER.



TWO OF THE BEAUTIES OF "THE COVE":
RANEE AND KANEE.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Barff gave up his kennel of Afghan hounds, and till Major Bell-Murray, C.I.E., returned from Baluchistan in 1920 and began to breed Afghan hounds, the species was extinct in England. Major Bell-Murray purchased Begum, the finest Afghan dog he had ever seen, in 1913, near Quetta; and four years later secured Rajah, the chief male founder of his kennel. He subsequently bought four other hounds, and they, together with Rajah and Begum and their progeny, returned

to England to take up their permanent residence in this country. The Afghan hound is, in its own country, a coursing dog, and is quicker in turning and even speedier than our British greyhounds. It is not a delicate breed, is very intelligent and devoted, and a fine watch-dog. The rock sculptures of Afghanistan prove the ancient lineage of the true Afghan hound, and its history as a coursing dog. Our photographs show its beauty and distinctive appearance.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Jottings of Jane;

Being "Sunbeams
out of Cucumbers."

Sport and Sportsmen.

In Scotland we still discuss grouse (and eat it). Jane heard all about Colonel H. S. Holt's solitary days walking up grouse on Clashnadarroch, Aberdeenshire. Not bad for one gun to bag twenty-five, thirty,

and thirty brace respectively for three days. Birds were exceedingly strong and wild, too, and coveys averaged about seven. How he must have enjoyed himself!

Then, on Fealar Forest, Mr. John

Mackintosh. The King was attended by Sir Charles Cust and Captain Alexander Hardinge; and Lady Joan Verney was in attendance on her Majesty.

On their way to Moy, the King and Queen, with their usual kindness of heart, visited the Aberlour Orphanage, and remained for about an hour inspecting the building, where over five hundred children from all parts of Scotland are maintained and educated.

Then their Majesties honoured Sir George Macpherson-Grant by lunching with him at Ballindalloch Castle. Considering that he is a bachelor and a *parti*, Sir George is not so well known in London as one might expect him to be. This is because he is more devoted to his own beautiful place than he is to Society. He is a very keen shot, and a keener fisherman, and owns many miles of the best salmon-fishing in Great Britain. He is only thirty-two, an old Etonian, and a member of the Royal Company of Archers. During the winter, he usually motors down to the French or Italian Riviera in his Rolls-Royce; but no power can persuade him to leave beautiful Ballindalloch in the summer and autumn, though the early spring usually finds him in London for a few weeks, at the Carlton Hotel.

In Sutherland-shire.

At Dunrobin, the Duke of Sutherland last week joined the Duchess, where Lady Millicent Hawes, the Duke's beautiful mother, also arrived in time to preside at the luncheon of the Sutherland Farmers' Club last Saturday. Lady Millicent Hawes usually, of course, lives

in Paris, much to the regret of her many English friends, who miss her sadly. No woman has ever been so popular in her own world as well as in the world of the poor, for whom she always did so much. I hear that in Paris she has already made her presence felt so keenly that she is one of the acknowledged leaders of the social, intellectual, and artistic world there.

Bolton Abbey.

From Yorkshire comes more news of Harrogate, where fashionable people still flock to drink the waters. And much about the shooting-party last week at Bolton Abbey, where the Duke of York was shooting on the moors with the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Hartington, Lord Charles Cavendish, Sir Raymond Greene, Captain H. MacMillan, Mr. Ormsby-Gore, and, of course, his Equerry, Wing-Commander Louis Greig, who, whenever there is an odd hour to spare, delights in playing a fast set of lawn-tennis with his Royal Highness, on the hard *en-tout-cas* court now to be found in every country house of note all over England and Scotland.

And everyone in Yorkshire was lamenting the passing of Lord Bolton, the Honorary Colonel of the Yorkshire Hussars Imperial

Yeomanry. Lady Bolton, who died three years ago, was a sister of the present Lord Scarbrough. The Boltons' principal seat is in Hampshire—Hackwood Park, which has been leased for some years to Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Their Yorkshire home, Bolton Hall, Leyburn, however, was never let, and the new Lord Bolton—better known, perhaps, as Colonel Orde-Powlett—will probably reside there in future.

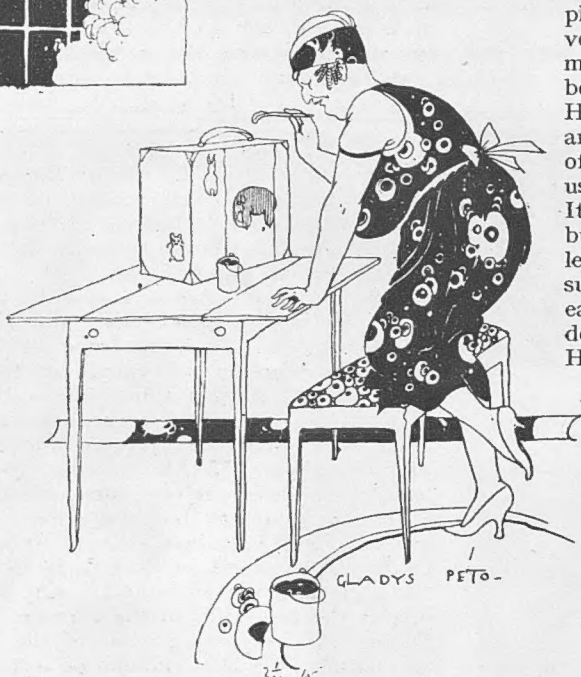
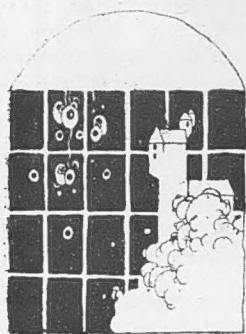
He married the Hon. Elizabeth Mary Gibson, a daughter of the first Lord Ashbourne, and they have one son and a daughter. At Hackwood are hung all the beautiful old family portraits, including several of the Dukes of Bolton as they were in the days of, I think, Charles I. At Hackwood also is a very fine portrait of Nell Gwynne and other Caroline celebrities, framed in beautiful Grinling Gibbons carving. But Jane thinks usually of Bolton Abbey when she hears the family mentioned.

Bolton Abbey is now a glorious old ruin, grey and crumbling on the green uplands outside Harrogate. In a little eerie cavern in the shadow of the surrounding woods, Old Mother Shipton is said to have pronounced her startling prophecies, most of which have been fulfilled. It is many years since I stood by her old wishing-well and read her doggerel verses. But, as far as I remember, they told of ships moving without sails, of carriages speeding on roads without horses, of men flying in chariots through the air, of mills grinding without wind or water, besides prophesying with accurate detail the deaths of Cardinal Wolsey and of the Lord Percy of Henry the Eighth's and her own day.

It all makes one not quite so scornful of the soothsayers of the present time.

Lord and Lady Londonderry's Party.

Stockton Races provided the chief sport of the week in the world of horses, and Lord and Lady Londonderry's hospitality the chief topic among racegoers. The large



1. Having read in the daily papers that decorated trunks and suit-cases are now the mode, Aunt Babsie (who grows younger daily) is busily covering her luggage with a nursery pattern of elephants and kittens.

Calder, his two sons, Colonel Brocklebank, and Mr. C. W. Clifford got forty-nine and a half brace one day, and a hundred and one brace on another. Birds were plentiful and healthy on Fealar Forest, but there were many late broods.

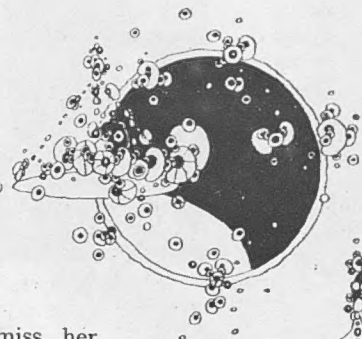
On the Brackley Moors, Captain Eric Mackenzie and Captain Watts Russell had thirty brace of grouse in four hours one day; while at the Forest of Birse, Lady Cowdray and her party of four guns—Jane does not know who they were—got seventeen brace.

Lord Woolavington, on his Knockando Moors in Elginshire, bagged 1050½ brace in three days, his party including Sir Walter Gilbey, Colonel Dunbar, and six other guns.

Then from Blair Castle Jane had glowing accounts of Mr. Axel de Wichfeld's party, who bagged forty-six brace of grouse. The Duc de Luynes was one of the guns, and so was the Marquis de Polignac. Sir Ian Malcolm of Poltalloch was likewise responsible for a great slaughter, and Mr. Charles Munn from Dunkeld House near by. The Duchesse de Chaulnes and Mrs. Charles Munn were also the guests of Mr. Axel de Wichfeld for the week at Blair.

At Moy.

But, of course, the real interest in Scotland last week was centred round Moy Hall, where the King and Queen arrived on Monday for a visit to The Mackintosh and Mrs.



2. Angela has a wonderful plan. She has camouflaged her trunks with a pattern of flag-stones—supposing that the Custom House officials will now not be able to see them. Her dressing-case is covered partly by the flag-stone pattern and partly by the pattern of her travelling coat.

party at Wynyard (which is quite a modern, though most comfortable house) included Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles.

Of course, Lord Durham was at Stockton, deeply interested in his Crush. And Mr. A. H. Straker, whose horse Scarba seemed at the outset to have so good a chance of winning the Wynyard Two-Year-Old Plate. And Lord Glanely to see his Maid of the Moor; and Captain Gladstone, Lord Compton Vyner, Captain A. S. Wilson, Mr. J. C. Baird, Sir G. Renwick, Lord Queenborough, Lord Derby, Lord Wolverton and Lady McMillan, all of whom had horses running. Mrs. H. Nugent also had a horse running in the Stockton Handicap Plate, as did Lord Ellesmere and Sir J. Rutherford. But mostly the autumn is the time *par excellence* of men only.

All parties are made up for men. If a woman is asked to a race-meeting it is either because she is herself a racehorse owner and deeply interested in racing, or her husband is. And as for shooting-parties, no woman has the least right to be offended if an invitation to her husband does not also include her. True, she loves an opportunity of airing her new tweeds and her appropriate hats. She revels in the long evenings of bridge, or the after-tea game of brisk tennis or golf. But from August to Christmas she may as well make up her mind to accept with resignation the fact that she is only asked as a sort of neat if not necessary bit of her husband's luggage. If she hasn't got a husband, and she has got a pretty face, or a lovely figure, or a fortune, or "a way with her," or that indefinable knack of making herself indispensable at all feasts—if she has any one (or all) of these things, with luck, like Jane, she may find herself perched on a Scots hill on sufferance while the important males kill grouse.

But Jane says, if you want to enjoy Scotland you must do *nothing*. Your eyes have so much to see. Your senses have the heather and the sound of bees and the soft rolling mists that make the far hills change from blue to purple with every moving cloud. Your soul has you so safely in its keeping. Only alone with a London-weary soul can a living woman find life.

Other House Parties.

Lord and Lady Ancaster are still at Drummond Castle, their beautiful old seat at Crieff. Lord Ancaster is only the second Earl, but his Barony (Baron Willoughby de Eresby), dates from 1313; and he is, of course, the Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England. His mother was a daughter of Lord Huntly—the tenth Marquess—and he married in 1905 the eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese, of New York. Lady Ancaster's mother is now Mrs. "Harry" Higgins, whose husband is so well known in connection with Covent Garden Opera. He is, in fact, Chairman of the Grand Opera Syndicate, and a director of the Carlton and Ritz Hotel Companies.

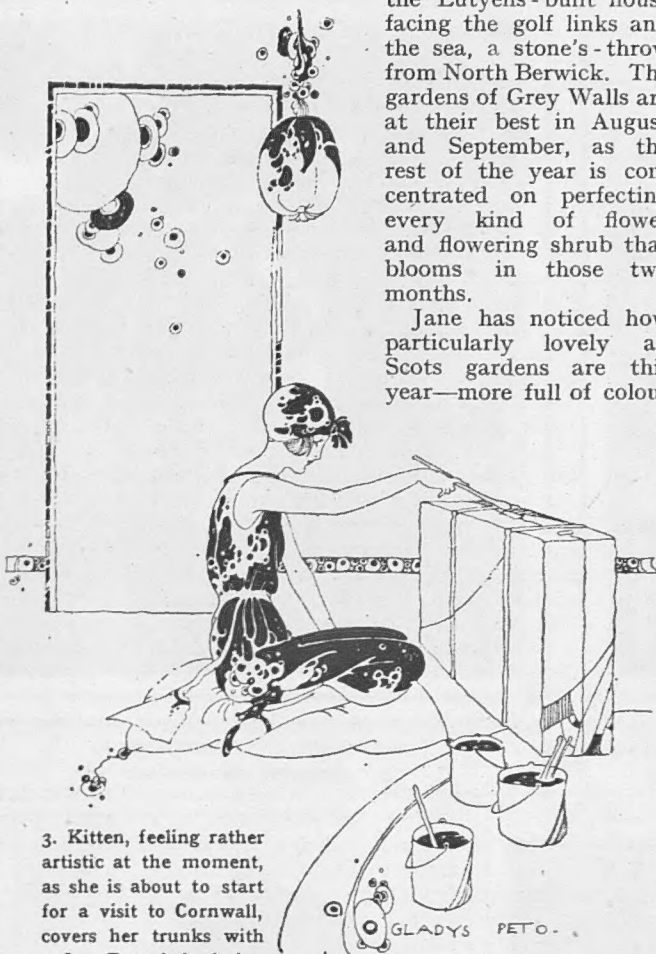
But, to return to Drummond Castle. Last week, Lord and Lady Ancaster's house-party included Lord and Lady Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch's eldest son and daughter-in-law; Lord Bradford, who motored over from Weston Park, Shifnal; Lord Granard (Lady Granard was, I hear, taking a "cure" at Aix); and Captain Oliver Lyttelton and his wife, Lady Moira Lyttelton, who is a younger

daughter of the Duke of Leeds. Captain Oliver Lyttelton is in the Grenadier Guards, and is the only son of the late so beloved Mr. Alfred Lyttelton.

Gullane.

From Gullane comes news of Lord and Lady Derby, again installed for the autumn at Grey Walls, the Lutyens-built house facing the golf links and the sea, a stone's-throw from North Berwick. The gardens of Grey Walls are at their best in August and September, as the rest of the year is concentrated on perfecting every kind of flower and flowering shrub that blooms in those two months.

Jane has noticed how particularly lovely all Scots gardens are this year—more full of colour



3. Kitten, feeling rather artistic at the moment, as she is about to start for a visit to Cornwall, covers her trunks with a fine Futuristic design—imagining that, by this means, she will recognise her luggage anywhere.

than usual, and full of promise of more glory to come. The gladioli are particularly fine; so are the dahlias, phlox, and giant red "Crimson King" hollyhocks, with their "Rose Queen" sisters separating them from still lovelier varieties of this most splendid of all old-fashioned beauties of the flower border.

Cubbing Again.

But Jane is startled by the news from the South. Summer is over! The Duke of Beaufort's hounds have actually begun cubbing! They met at seven o'clock last Tuesday morning. Only the real hunting enthusiasts turned out, however—those who never fail to enjoy watching the working of hounds.

The Duke himself, in his little handy green Ford car, was out, looking as keen as ever. But, much as we all love hunting, it is depressing to think that winter will soon be upon us. Why, we have had *no* summer yet, except those wonderful hot days in May, and the last day of Ascot—and, of course, a few Goodwood days. It is all very well to love the rattle of the reaping machines, to rejoice in the

golden harvest and the moon-daisies, and the "murmuring of innumerable bees." But all these things spell cold days to come. Hunting, even cubbing, spells it most of all. Already Jane has folded away her summer finery—some of it never seen once.

Lord Rosebery.

Everyone here is discussing Lord Rosebery. It was very sad to think of his really retiring from public life, and now he appears to be retiring from all social life as well. The Mentmore estate, which he has just transferred to his son and heir, Lord Dalmeny, is a magnificent modern mansion, built originally by Lord Rosebery's father-in-law, the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild. It is a great museum of Italian art treasures, and commands wonderful views of the Vale of Aylesbury.

It is not given to many great men to have their greatness acknowledged during their own lifetime. But Lord Rosebery's books on Pitt and Napoleon have long been recognised as classics. Perhaps to most people—for, alas! most people do not read the classics—he is best known as the Prime Minister of England who won the Derby with Ladass during his term of office. Lady Crewe is, of course, one of his daughters. Lady Sybil Grant is the other; she has inherited her father's love of literature, and has herself a very considerable talent for literary expression. She is now engaged on a new book, to be called "The End of the Day"; it is the life of her late distinguished brother, the Hon. Neil Primrose.

Lord Dalmeny is better known by a large circle of friends than almost any man of his generation. As a cricketer he played for Surrey for several years; in fact, he captained the XI. for three years. He was in the Grenadier Guards when he first left Eton, and later was the Liberal Member for Midlothian. His little son, Archibald Ronald, is now twelve years old—a dear little boy, who will one day inherit many golden acres in Linlithgowshire, in Midlothian, in Buckinghamshire, in Norfolk, in Hertfordshire, in Kent and in Suffolk. May he also inherit the rare gifts of his eminent grandfather, the generous nature of his grandmother (she was Miss Hannah de Rothschild, so well known for her many charities), the sporting qualities of his father, and the good looks of his mother!—IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. But, most unhappily, this slightly démodé pattern appeals to all the highly intellectual visitors at this stronghold of the Intelligentsia. Everybody has a Futuristic trunk, and an appalling scene ensues. Kitten, having but little knowledge of the fine Saxon epithets employed in artistic circles, can only sit apart, sobbing silently, and hope for the best.

INCLUDING PRINCESS MARY AND HER



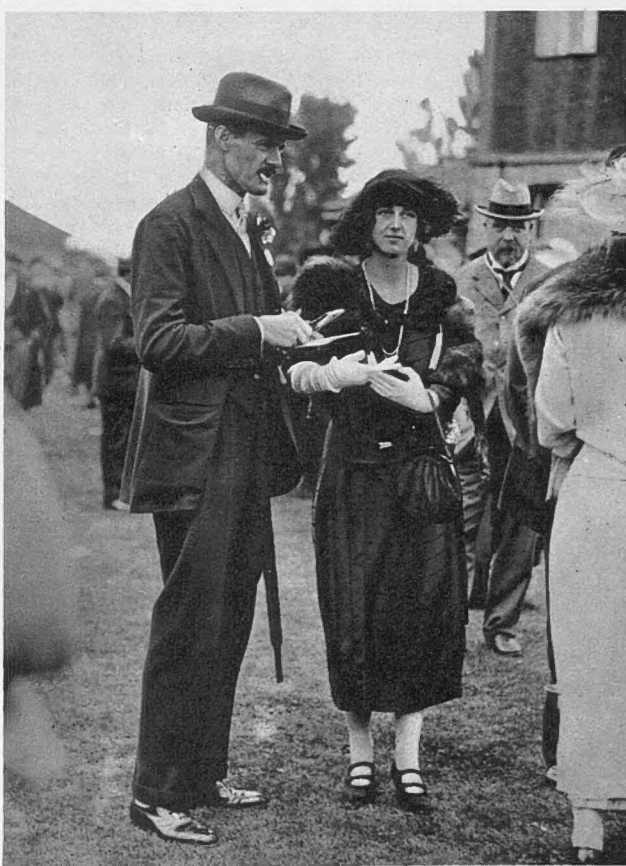
WITH THEIR HOSTESS, THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDON-
DERRY: PRINCESS MARY AND HER HUSBAND.



CHATTING TO LADY GISBOROUGH:
THE MARQUESS OF ZETLAND.



LORD CASTLEREAGH, MR. CLAYTON,
AND LORD



3 MARRIED DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY:
LADY MAUREEN STANLEY WITH SIR HILL CHILD, M.P.



THE SECOND DAUGHTER OF LORD SOUTH-
AMPTON: THE HON. SIBELL FITZROY.



LEADING IN CRONAN, WITH JELLISS,
MARQUESS OF

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles were the guests of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry at Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees, for the Stockton Races. Four-horse carriages with postillions used to convey Lord Londonderry's guests to the course, but this year they arrived in prosaic covered motor-cars. Lord Londonderry's Cronan won the Harewood Two-Year-Old Selling Plate, after a desperate piece of riding by Jelliss. The Wynyard party included Lord Castlereagh, the nineteen-year-old son and heir of the Marquess of Londonderry, and Lady Maureen Stanley, his married daughter—who is the wife of the second son of the Earl of Derby. Lord Stanley is the elder son of the

HUSBAND: SOCIETY AT STOCKTON RACES.



LADY MARY FOX-STRANGWAYS,
STAVORDALE.



WITH LADY NUNBURNHOLME:
LORD STANLEY.



WITH MR. JACK LOWTHER:
LADY ZIA WERNHER.



UP, AFTER HIS WIN: THE
LONDONDERRY.



THE WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN TRAINER:
THE HON MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON.



WITH LADY ILCHESTER:
LADY STANLEY.

Earl of Derby. Lady Mary Fox-Strangways and Lord Stavordale are the elder daughter and elder son of Lord and Lady Ilchester, and niece and nephew of Lord Londonderry; and Lady Zia Wernher is the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael. The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton is the wife of the Hon. George Lambton, brother of the Earl of Durham, and well known in the racing world as a successful trainer; and the Hon. Sibell Fitzroy is the second daughter of Lord Southampton. The Marquess of Zetland is a veteran race-goer and is the first Marquess, and Lady Gisborough is the wife of the fourth Baron.—[Photographs by S. and G., and B.I.]

The Younger Generation on the Links at North Berwick.



WITH MISS RACHEL CAPELL: MISS ROSEMARY HOPE VERE.



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF SIR ERNEST HORLICK: MISS ROMA HORLICK.



WITH LADY AWDREY'S DAUGHTER: MISS HOPE VERE.



THE THREE ELDER DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL OF ELLESMERE: THE LADIES ANNE, MARY, AND JANE EGERTON.



AT THE FIRST TEE: MISS ELDERTON, MISS RAEURN, AND MRS. ELDERTON. (L. TO R.)



DAUGHTER OF LADY BEATRIX STANLEY: MISS BARBARA STANLEY.



YOUNG ENTHUSIASTS: THE LADIES ANNE, MARY, AND JANE EGERTON.



THE SISTER OF COLONEL CYRIL HANKEY: MISS GLADYS HANKEY.

One of the features of North Berwick this year is the quantity of young enthusiasts who are playing golf on the famous links. Our photographs show a number of the coming generation snapped on the course. The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere have five daughters and one son, Viscount Brackley. Lady Anne Egerton is the eldest of the family, and was born in 1908; Lady Jane is one year younger; then comes Lady Mary, born in 1911. Viscount Brackley is the fifth in

order of seniority, and has one younger sister, who dates from 1918.—Miss Roma Horlick is the elder of Sir Ernest Horlick's two daughters, and was born in 1903. Her mother, Lady Horlick, is very popular in Society.—Miss Barbara Stanley is the daughter of Lord Derby's fourth brother, and the grand-daughter of the fourth Marquess of Headfort. She was born in 1906.—Miss Hope Vere is the daughter of Colonel Hope Vere.

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Deauville Diversions

(Being the Musings of Miranda.)

Royal Deauville.

The King of Spain is most emphatically the benefactor to whom Deauville owes this season's success. Nobody loves royalties like a Republican, and the French rub shoulders with the Americans to see the popular monarch drinking his morning *apéritif* among the crowd in a manner that would be amusing if one did not remember that it must be more than a little trying for the object of all this concentrated attention. Deauville is certainly no place for royalties who desire a quiet time away from the glare of publicity. One would imagine that these people expect a king to eat and drink and walk in some strange, unaccustomed manner instead of just like other mortals, so persistent is their staring.

The Big Racing Fortnight.

The fine weather and the big racing fortnight have brought a great many English visitors. Lady Diana and Mr. Duff Cooper arrived on Sunday for the Grand Handicap de Deauville, the former looking charmingly pretty in a beige *crêpe-de-Chine* dress, with a long, biscuit-coloured lace tunic and little hat with a lace veil hanging down at each side. Lady Victoria Bullock was there to see Lord Derby's horse run. We were all so disappointed that he did not win. Viscount Peel, Earl and Lady Fitzwilliam, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Milford Haven were also present, as well as Sir Anthony Weldon, who is staying with some friends at Deauville; the Rajah of Pudukota, the Hon. Walter and Mrs. Guinness, who have their yacht in the harbour at Trouville; the eldest Kapurthala prince, Mrs. Raymond Parr, and Lady Sarah Wilson, who is staying with Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece, who have been joined by Queen Olga of Greece.

It is nice to see the bright and pretty frocks again, though Deauville is by no means the centre of fashion that it was a year or two ago. As a disillusioned photographer remarked: "*Il y a beaucoup de monde, mais il n'y a pas de toilettes.*" Some enterprising damsels made a good show with their long, full-skirted frocks, that look almost like crinolines, and their henna-dyed complexions. For this year, owing to the lack of sunshine, the fair ones despaired of achieving by natural means the sunburn that some of them consider so becoming; so a henna bath is called to the rescue, and brown face and arms and legs are the order of the day, with cheeks and lips painted a deep lacquer red that gives a most barbaric effect, almost reminiscent of the Russian Ballet. It is strange to a degree with blue eyes, but most becoming in the young brunette.

Régine Flory is one who has adopted this dusky tint, and very well she looked with it at the races, with her dark hair and eyes, and a dress of hedge-sparrow's-egg-blue with a large brown hat with hanging lace veil. She was with Sir Alfred Butt and Mr. Albert de Courville. Julia James that

used to be (I cannot remember her married name) was there, looking as pretty as ever, and making one regret that she is no longer on the stage to delight us. Lady Drogheda brought her small boy, and the Baroness Wrangel, formerly Lady-in-Waiting to the late Tsaritsa, looked perfectly charming in a golden-brown draped frock with a broad-brimmed hat wreathed with shaded golden flowers.

Watching the Polo.

The Duchess of Alba has joined the King of Spain's house party at the Villa Castlefontaine. She went over after the races to watch the polo, when the King played in the Madrid team (composed also of the Duke of Peñaranda, Marquis de Villabragima, and Comte de la Maza), against the Bagatelle team, with Mr. Ralph Lambton, General Fitzgerald, M. Bamberger, and M. de Montbrison. The game was very fast and exciting, and the Madrid team won easily, playing in beautiful style.

The ground was crowded with a smart assembly of spectators, everybody being anxious to see the King play. It was unfortunate that Mr. "Tommy" Hitchcock should have been obliged to leave for America the previous day

to play in the international matches there, for he would have been a welcome addition to the Bagatelle team, and would have made a much more even game.

The Marquis Santiago Pidal was in the King's tent with his pretty wife, also Mrs. Wynne, looking very attractive in dull green *crêpe-de-Chine*; Lord and Lady Rocksavage, the latter having just arrived to join her husband, and looking charming in a little white frock strapped with beige; and the Hon. Lionel Montague. Mrs. H. H. Harjès had her two little boys with her. Her husband was one of the umpires of the match, the other being Mr. F. W. Egan. Princess "Dolly" Radziwill was with Lady Drogheda and Lady Idina Gordon, and the Marquise de Viana came with the Duchess of Peñaranda to watch her royal guest. Others to be seen included Major Ralph Peto, Mr. Herbert Pulitzer, owner of the *New York World*; and Lady Torrington, one of whose horses was running in the races previously.

The King of Spain gave a dinner one night to the members of the Polo Club. He made a short and charming speech in reply to the toast of his health, and dealt a blow to the ambitions of several who had prepared lengthy discourses by saying that polo-



players had more use for a good hard game than for speeches, and that he proposed they should not have any. After dinner, the party went on to the Casino, where the King watched the play for a time, and then went into the restaurant to dance.

At the Casino.

The throngs in the Casino every evening now are very well dressed, most women making a special effort on account of the royal visitors. Play has been high lately, though not on the sensational lines of two years ago. A red-haired Englishwoman has been attracting a lot of attention by her frenzied devotion to the game. She cannot resist the lure of the cards, and "bancos" every hand, losing 200,000 francs in half-an-hour in this way one evening, and then winning it all back again, and more, in one very lucky hand in which she held an eight or a nine five times in succession.

Women, when they are really keen on gambling, are much more personally affected by it than men. It seems to absorb their entire personality. They think and dream of nothing else. Their conversation is of what might have happened if they had drawn a certain card. They become so superstitious that they will do anything to sit in a certain seat that they fancy, and woe betide anyone who comes near them if they think he brings bad luck! But it is all paid for by haggard looks and black rings round the eyes. The little god of baccarat is capricious, and he does not make for happiness.



THE FRENCH BOY GOLF CHAMPION : P. MANEUVRIER, DRIVING.

Photograph by Alfieri, specially taken for "The Sketch."



A NEWSPAPER MAGNATE AND KEEN GOLFER : LORD BURNHAM.

Lord Burnham is the first Viscount. He is proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph," Chairman of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, and President of the Empire Press Union, and is a leading figure in the newspaper world and in the political arena.

Photograph by Alfieri, specially taken for "The Sketch."



IN PLAY ON THE LAWN-TENNIS COURTS AT LE TOUQUET : MISS PEGGY MALONEY.

Photograph by Alfieri, specially taken for "The Sketch."

THE GREATEST WOMAN LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER



IN THE GARDEN OF HER UNCLE'S VILLA AT POURVILLE:
MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN AND ONE OF HER DOGS.



FEEDING THE FANTAIL PIGEONS: SUZANNE OUTSIDE HER UNCLE'S VILLA.



TALKING TO HER AUNT, MME. HUGOT, IN THE CAR:
MLLE. LENGLEN.



A FAMILY GATHERING: M. LENGLEN, MLLE. SUZANNE LENGLEN, M. A. HUGOT,
MME. LENGLEN, AND MME. HUGOT (L. TO R.).

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the world's most famous woman lawn-tennis player, has been spending her summer holiday with her uncle and aunt, M. and Mme. Alexandre Hugot, at their villa, Manoir de Mon Coin, at Pourville-sur-Mer, together with her father and mother, M. and Mme. Lenglen. M. Lenglen is, of course, a lawn-tennis expert, and taught his daughter to play the game. He attends every match and watches

ON HOLIDAY: SUZANNE WITH HER PARENTS.



WITH "JEEM" AND FAMILY: Mlle. LENGLEN AND THE MASCOTS.



FOND OF READING AS WELL AS ATHLETICS: Mlle. LENGLEN, WHO IS SAID TO BE ENGAGED TO M. DANET.

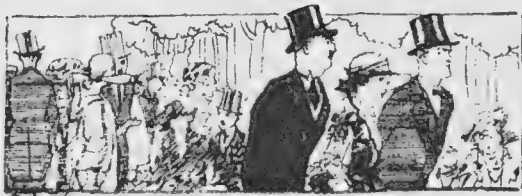


A PRETTY POSE: SUZANNE AND ONE OF HER FANTAIL PIGEONS.



IN A SETTING OF GREEN FOLIAGE: SUZANNE.

her play most carefully, criticising her when necessary. Considerable interest has been aroused by the rumour that Mlle. Lenglen is engaged to M. Danet, the Frenchman with whom she has competed in so many Continental tournaments. She certainly wears an engagement ring, which may be seen on her finger in our photographs, but at the time of writing, no official announcement of her betrothal had been made.



The Clubman.

By Beveren.

Deauville Winnings and Losings.

People will be coming back from Deauville soon. Then it will be the Scottish moors—a few weeks of that, and then town interests and indoor amusements again, and perhaps a sense of relief that this wintry summer of 1922 is beyond recall.

Even Deauville has had a more or less indifferent season this year. The shortage of money coincided with a July wet and an August cold that every seaside hotel-keeper wants shudderingly to forget. I fancy, too, that the disastrous weather this summer has assisted in the movement for preventing prices at Deauville rising still higher. Next year, indeed, Deauville may be possible even for folk who have not a million or so left after the Chancellor of the Exchequer has finished his exactions.

It is the frillings that are so expensive at Deauville. A gay young member of Buck's Club, who has had a lucky fortnight at the "chemmy" tables, was explaining that he would have been more in pocket if he had had his game at one of the smart, well-conducted, but, of course, illegal gaming houses that can be found in the West End.

"There," he said, "I should only have had to pay the 10 per cent. for the cagnotte. But at Deauville there is first the cagnotte's 10 per cent. Then the croupiers expect at least another 10 per cent. of your winnings in tips. And then the pretty ladies who hang round you when you are winning, and take it for granted that you will supply them with something with which to gamble—well, they seem to relieve you of quite four times as much as the cagnotte."

Mr. Cochran's "Silent" Production. Mr. C. B. Cochran is proceeding gallantly, and I gather not unsuccessfully, with his experiment of running "Phi-Phi" at the London Pavilion without the assistance of the dramatic critics. The absence of the usual notices in the newspapers next day has apparently given to "Phi-Phi" the lure that attaches to mystery; and I am told that the libraries were not slow to do a deal immediately after the "silent first night," and that the box office bookings were also good from the very start.

June, who develops in sweetness and charm with each new play, and Stanley Lupino have undoubtedly made hits in "Phi-Phi." Mr. Dulac's scenery is admirable because it is appropriate to the "telling" of the story and its development, and because it is not over-elaborate.

You sometimes get a strange crowd outside the West End theatres after a first production these days—a pushing, leering crowd, mostly dark-eyed girls and young men. That cheerful, buoyant person, Mr. Warwick Brookes, was well squeezed and shoved about as he struggled to get through the crowd after the first night of "Phi-Phi." He contrived to work a quick passage by saying heartily, "I thought everyone was out of London in August."

To Sunningdale. It is one of the pleasant things in modern life that for not too dear a sum you can hire a motor-car of the most expensive make, with smartly dressed chauffeur attached, and go off for your Sunday game of golf without worrying to a quarter of an hour what time you leave

gaily for Sunningdale the other Sunday. The car they had hired was of a very stately make, they congratulated themselves on its smooth and powerful running, and everything went very well until they got just the other side of Hounslow. Then something went wrong with the steering gear. It would have been dangerous impossible to continue the journey at more than a mile an hour.

And it was then that the party realised how out-of-the-way a spot so very near to London can be. The plan was to telephone for a fresh car to come out from Staines or Hounslow. But none of the few shops close by had a telephone, and the post-office was closed. As the chauffeur said: "It's like bein' in foreign parts."

In the end, the hired chauffeur walked through to Hounslow and telephoned to his firm for another car. The party were an hour and a half on the roadside, and found little in the surrounding scenery that interested them. Moreover, when they got to Sunningdale, they only had time for one round.

Sunningdale, like most courses after the rains of this year, is in extremely fine condition, and the fairways have recovered from the devastating effects of last year's drought. Steady progress is being made with the laying out of the eighteen-holes relief course. It is possible to take a walk round and see the entire lay-out of

the new course. The greens have been shaped, although the grass on them has yet to be laid. There will be some most enticing holes.

The Riding-Masters' Grievance.

Not only many regular soldiers, but hundreds of civilians who fought in the war will feel an interest in the forthcoming abolition of the Army riding-master. The reason given is economy; but the riding-masters seem rightfully to have a grievance, because it was first indicated to them that they would be retired at the regulation time, and now they have all unexpectedly received three months' notice to quit. In the Household Cavalry, the riding-masters were told as late as November last that they would retire according to regulation.

To cavalry and artillery recruits in the days of the war the riding-master was a being as much looked up to as a colonel—perhaps more so, for there was never any doubt that he was an expert at his job. I believe that one of the retiring riding-masters has been told to spend his three months' notice instructing a combatant officer in his job. To anyone who knows anything about the matter such a short term of instruction sounds ridiculous. Doubtless the N.C.O.s who have regularly assisted the riding-masters in their task will carry on, and the quality of instruction will not at first decline. But after then we shall notice the change. One would say that for show troops like the Household Cavalry the riding-master is essential, for if we are to have show troops—and plenty of thinking people believe in the sound political good of pageantry—let us have them of the very best.



SUZANNE LENGLEN'S RUMOURED ENGAGEMENT: THE GREAT LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER WITH M. ROGER DANET.

The reported engagement of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen to M. R. Danet, the lawn-tennis player with whom she has played so often in Continental tournaments, has aroused much interest. Our snapshot shows the famous player with M. Danet at Fourville. Photographs of Mlle. Lenglen, with her uncle and aunt and parents, at Mon Coin, Pourville, will be found in another part of this issue.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

town and what time you start back. If you make it a sharing party of four, it does not come out at all costly.

But I know of a quartet who set out



THE JOINT-MASTERS OF THE V.W.H. (CIRENCESTER) AT EARL BATHURST'S PUPPY SHOW AT CIRENCESTER PARK.

Our snapshot shows the Joint-Masters of the V.W.H. (Cirencester) at the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) Puppy Show. The names, reading from left to right, are—Commander Codrington, Mrs. Codrington, and Colonel W. F. Fuller, D.S.O.

Photograph by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.



**FORMERLY THE HON. EFFIE
MACKAY :**

The Hon. Mrs. Millington-Drake is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Inchcape, and was married to Mr. Eugen Millington-Drake in 1920. He is in H.M. Diplomatic Service, having been nominated an Attaché in 1912. His first appointment was at St. Petersburg—now Petrograd—where he went in 1913. Mrs.



**THE HON. MRS. MILLINGTON-DRAKE
AND BABY.**

Millington-Drake has three sisters, one of whom, the Hon. Elsie Mackay, has just received her pilot's certificate. She is about the twelfth Englishwoman to take up aviation and get her "ticket." She already owns a two-seater D.H.6, in which she completed her training at the de Havilland Aerodrome, Edgware.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT,

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

IN a very few weeks now, the close season for lawn-tennis will be upon us. Hunting the nimble, resilient pill over grass, with a weapon of sheep's-gut stretched across an ash frame, will soon be no longer practicable.

I am one of those who, as far as can be, will always speak of the game as *lawn-tennis*, whatever surface it is played on. This is due partly to pedantry, but chiefly out of respect for those who play tennis—I refuse to call it *real tennis*. There are the two games—tennis and lawn-tennis.

I once heard a man make a very serious *faux pas* in the smoking-room of a well-known London tennis club, by remarking that he had been watching some wonderful tennis match at Wimbledon. The statement was received with a chilly silence. Then someone quietly told him that no doubt he meant *lawn-tennis*; for tennis, with its "dedans" and its "grille," its "penthouse" and its "galleries," its "tambour" and its "chases," is probably the oldest ball game in the world, while *lawn-tennis* was merely adapted from it not fifty years ago.

Therefore, though this adaptation has now become a universally popular game, and is to day such a strenuous test of skill and physical fitness that we strongly resent it being spoken of as "pat-ball," let us see that the child *lawn-tennis*, blinded by so much prosperity, does not forget how much it owes to its venerable parent, tennis.

But, as I said before, the *lawn-tennis* season is nearing its end. Has it disclosed any new talent on which we can build the slightest hope for the championships of 1923? I'm afraid the answer is in the negative. I have long

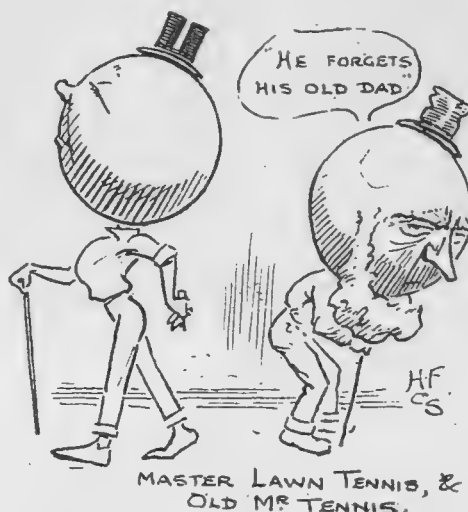
ago given up our public parks and recreation grounds as utterly hopeless. We must not expect to find likely layers-out of Lenglen or possible paralyzers of Patterson in that direction.

If I had not watched a mixed four-some (oh, so mixed!) the other day on a public court, I never would have believed that adult persons, presumably in full possession of their faculties, could mishit the ball so persistently. I am speaking of the server, for it was only the server who ever had the chance of hitting the ball. There were usually eight attempts—the minimum possible; resulting in eight consecutive faults—the maximum possible.

The first went off at right-angles to the line it should have taken, striking the bald head of a player on the next court but one. At the second attempt, the ball seemed to run down the handle of the racket and hit the server's toe, drawing attention to the fact that it would have been a fault anyhow; for this foot was about half a yard inside the base-line: score, love—15. The third was a fault because, though it

arrived in the right court, it got there *under* the net. The fourth time the server apparently went for the altitude record; but though the laws of gravity did their best to make the ball drop in conformity with the laws of the game, it refused, and the score became love—30.

The fifth and sixth, on similar lines, made the score love—40; and the eighth (which gave the other side a love game) I last saw bounding away in the direction of a pond, evidently to drown itself rather than suffer further indignities! Yet each time the server had shouted "Play!" with unconscious irony, for the striker-out never even got a look at the ball, much less the chance of playing it.



The service is undoubtedly the one bugbear of the park player's game. Once rid of that, he finds the game comparatively easy; for his opponent then has to grapple with the beastly business, and will—sure as eggs—present him with the game in the doing of it.

But, one might well ask, what pleasure does this sort of thing give to those who indulge in it? None whatever at the time. It is afterwards, at social gatherings, when they can tell their friends about it. The very fact that they can say they have been playing lawn-tennis causes them to go up several points in the scale of suburban society.

I went to see the film, "How to Play Tennis" (of course the "lawn" is left out), featuring Mlle. Lenglen. Here, on the silver sheet, Suzanne shows you exactly how she makes those wonderful shots which have made her Lady Champion for the last four years. By means of slow motion pictures, every stage



of her game—including the service and her trick of blowing on her hand—is unfolded to the gaze of the would-be aspirant to Lady Championship honours.

All that you girls have to do now is to go to the cinema every day for a week—it might even take less—with paper and pencil,



and make careful notes of each part of the stroke as it is unfolded to you. Then hurry back with them before they cool off, piece them together in their right order, and try them over to yourself on the court. The days of Lenglen, as Lady Champion, will then soon be numbered. By this simple method you will find you can do all her strokes just as well as she can—and probably



better. *Je ne pense pas! Jamais de la vie!* Not if you live to be a hundred!

But, talking of "the pictures," why shouldn't Patterson appear as a film actor? It seems the natural result of being a champion. Just as Carpentier has made a success in a play which exhibits his fighting qualities, so Patterson could become a screen star if given a story which showed off some of those powerful strokes of his.

The play, in which Gerald would, of course, be the hero, would work up to the big scene where he rescues the heroine from the villain's clutches with a terrific overhead "smash." Probably a frying-pan would be the best weapon to put in his hand, so that the resemblance to a racket might be retained as nearly as possible. This scene would make a most attractive poster, inscribed with the words: "The Movie Co. present: 'His Service Against the World.' Featuring Gerald Patterson, Holder of the World's Lawn-Tennis Championship on grass."

Out with the Drag, and Other Le Touquet Delights.



PARTNERS IN THE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: THE HON. JANET AITKEN AND MASTER G. DONNER.



OUT WITH THE DRAG HOUNDS:
COMTESSE DE VATTAGE.



A YOUNG AMERICAN WHO GOES OUT WITH
THE DRAG: MISS BETTY EDWARDS.



WATCHING THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS: LADY BEAVERBROOK
AND HER SISTER, MISS DRURY.

Le Touquet is a favourite summer playground of Society, and its many amusements include golf, lawn-tennis, hunting with the Drag, as well as bathing and such festivities as battles of flowers, and evenings at the Casino. Lord and Lady Beaverbrook are among the recent visitors, and were accompanied by Miss Drury, Lady Beaverbrook's sister. The Hon.

Janet Aitken is Lord Beaverbrook's only daughter, and was born in 1908. She is already a keen lawn-tennis player—a taste which she has inherited from her father. She is the eldest of the family, as her two brothers, the Hon. John and the Hon. Peter, were born in 1910 and 1912 respectively.

A FAMILY STUDY: THE ACTRESS WIFE



WITH HAZEL MARY AND THE
(MRS. DENNIS

Mrs. Dennis Neilson-Terry is the wife of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, the actor son of Mr. Fred Terry and his wife, Miss Julia Neilson. Her stage name is Miss Mary Glynne, and her successes in England and America include the rôle of Wendy in "Peter Pan"; Oliver Twist in the

Portrait-Studies by Marcus Adams, T

OF AN ACTOR, AND HER CHILDREN.



BABY: MISS MARY GLYNNE
(NEILSON-TERRY).



dramatic version of Dickens's novel; Little Rosalie in "The Merry Peasant"; Tilly in "Tilly of Bloomsbury," and many other parts. Mr. and Mrs. Neilson-Terry, who have a house at Highgate, have two daughters, who are shown with Mrs. Neilson-Terry in our beautiful portrait-studies.

the Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street.



Britain's Golf Effort.

By R. Endersby Howard.

The Zenith. International rivalry on the links will reach its zenith for the present year in the week beginning next Monday, Sept. 4, when ten of the leading British players will take part in the United States Amateur Championship on the Brookline course, five miles from Boston, Massachusetts. It is high time that Britain,



GOLFING AT LE TOUQUET: COLONEL LAWSON, MAJOR THE HON. JOHN COKE, AND COUNT DE MONTI DE REZE (L. TO R.).

Major the Hon. John Coke is the third of the Earl of Leicester's five half-brothers, and is in the Scots Guards. He married the Hon. Dorothy Olive Levy-Lawson, daughter of the first Lord Burnham.

Photograph by Alfieri, specially taken for "The Sketch."

having lost her own Open Championship to the United States for two seasons in succession, began to redress the balance by capturing one of the American titles, and most of us feel that she has a very considerable chance of doing it. Nobody supposes that the task is going to be other than difficult. First-class amateur golfers in America are as plentiful as swallows in an English summer—when we have one. They keep on bobbing up, and, once they have risen, they are usually maintained on high by that process of intensified encouragement and nourishment which the Americans bestow as no other people on earth upon the geniuses that they discover in games.

Cherishing the Young.

An instance of this nurture is provided by Gene Sarazen, the new Open Champion of the United States. To be sure, he is a professional, but that fact does not affect the principle. J. H. Taylor, writing home the other day, said that no British player could possibly emulate Sarazen's feat of rising in four years from the position of caddie-boy to that of the foremost golfer in the land. Nobody here would receive the necessary inspiration and help. He would have to be the architect of his own fortunes. And now Sarazen, being still only 21, is to be given a college education by his admirers as part of his reward for realising their hopes! I am far from suggesting that this country is wrong in leaving ability to fend for itself and find its proper level (which it always does in the end), but there can be no question

that, by diligent nurture, America develops the best in her golfers at an earlier age than we develop the best in ours. The advantage of youth combined with skill is on her side.

Our Junior. In this respect, the amateurs are as fortunately situated as the professionals. However, we happen to have the best of our accomplished young players in the field for the coming championship. The team was chosen by the Royal and Ancient Club with due regard for the fact that veterans might disclose deficiencies when the business of acclimatisation began. The junior member of the party is Mr. Roger H. Wethered, who is 23. And his youth may well enable him to prove our trump card (if we have one in our hand), for the U.S. Amateur Championship is a strenuous test, lasting seven days for the two men who reach the final. Mr. Wethered is sometimes described as being a very wonderful score-player. He is indeed that—with little weaknesses in a hand-to-hand encounter that undermine all his brilliance. This supposed difference in temperamental attitudes towards two different forms of the game is hard to define, because probably even the player does not understand it; but there is little justification for advancing it as the reason that Mr. Wethered has not yet won the British Amateur Championship. At 23, he is no more than a fledgeling in that event. In the inter-Varsity contest—as stern a test of temperament as anybody could undergo—he has proved himself to be a very great match-player.

Mr. Tolley's Way.

In greater degree or less, everybody on the British side is a hope for the American Championship. Take, for instance, Mr. Cyril Tolley, who, at 26, is the second youngest player. Assuming that Mr. Tolley survives the qualifying stroke rounds—and the tensely mechanical business of a scoring competition is not his forte—he surely must stand as good a chance as anybody of winning the series of 36-holes matches. He could not do better than start the afternoon round about 2 holes down, for nothing spurs him like adversity. I never knew a first-class golfer who so consistently made mistakes—pulls and slices and what not—in the early stages of a game, and who so consistently made brilliant shots just when you might have begun to regard him as a beaten force. In a single round, it is very hard to retrieve fortune in this way. Two rounds give plenty of time; and given time, Mr. Tolley is probably capable of making up leeway against anybody.

Trouble as a Spur.

It now seems settled that Mr. W. I. Hunter, last year's British Amateur Champion, will play, and with the experience that he has gained of golf in America during the past two years, his chance will be considerable. In addition to very great ability—

that way of hitting the ball with punch and precision that marks the exceptionally good golfer—Mr. Hunter has boundless confidence and an aggressiveness in his spirit that counts for a lot in a championship. It is as certain as anything can be that he will play the better for the fact that he was left out of the British team to meet the United States in the eight-a-side contest at Long Island—an omission that caused the United States Golf Association to inquire whether there was any question in this country as to his amateur status. To an individual of his fighting temperament, his neglect by the British selection committee will be as a tonic; and if, in the Championship, he happens to come up against members of the official British side, there will be "needle" matches of a pointedness unrivalled in golf. It is a pity that this strange situation has come to pass, but it cannot be helped.

The Nomads.

At any rate, we have never previously had anything like so large a contingent as ten players—and all top-sawyers—in the field for an American Championship, so that, if there is anything in the principle of safety in numbers, the outlook ought to be counted uncommonly hopeful. The only occasion on which Britain has borne off the United States Amateur Championship was in 1911, when Mr. H. H. Hilton went over unaided and accomplished his purpose. He and the late Mr. Norman Hunter failed in 1912. Lord Charles Hope, Mr. Tolley, and Mr. Wethered did not struggle through the qualifying rounds in 1920.

Environment.

Of the American entrants, the one whose chances make the biggest appeal to the imagination in connection with this championship is that tall, genial young man with the green Alpine



ON THE LE TOUQUET GOLF LINKS: MR. MARK BREACH, BARON RAMSAY, AND COLONEL BULTEEL (L. TO R.).

Le Touquet is a favourite summer resort for English golfers and devotees of lawn-tennis and bathing, combined with a mild gamble. Further photographs of Society folk at Le Touquet will be found on other pages of this issue.—(Photograph by Alfieri, specially taken for "The Sketch.")

hat, Mr. Francis Ouimet. For he was born in a cottage on the fringe of the Brookline course, where he acted as a caddie in his boyhood days—the days that were bridged inconspicuously until, at the age of 19, he suddenly became famous by beating Vardon and Ray for the American Open Championship at Brookline. If there is anything in environment, Mr. Ouimet has all that he needs.

On a Famous French Course: Golfers at Le Touquet.



THE DUTCH CHAMPION:
MLLE. VAN HENKELOM.



ABOUT TO DRIVE OFF: LORD DUDLEY.



ON THE FIRST TEE:
MRS. GREENWALL.



HUSBAND OF THE LATE MME.
PATTI: BARON R. CEDERSTRÖM.



WITH LADY VALADIER: SIR AUGUSTE CHARLES VALADIER,
K.B.E., C.M.G.



THE MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER ON
HOLIDAY: MR. J. W. LAWRENCE.

Le Touquet is one of the most attractive of the French golf courses, and possesses many extremely sporting holes, including one short one which demands a neat shot over a mountain of sand. Our photographs show some of the distinguished people who have been playing on the Le Touquet course of

late. Sir Auguste Charles Valadier, who lives in Paris, received his K.B.E. in 1920. During the war he served with the Army Medical Service, and is an Hon. Major on the Special List. He married Miss Alice Wright, and has a son and a daughter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The Demand for Emotion.

Is it possible for national character to change? Character, surely, is the outcome of climate, and the English climate, at any rate, is faithful to tradition. But the English character, once a synonym for self-repression, appears to have developed latent hysteria.

It may be the war or it may be the "pictures," but it would be idle to ignore the demand, the immense popular demand, for emotion. Even laughter must be emotional. The quiet comedy that delighted our forefathers, and even our fathers, is not acceptable to the masses in England to-day. If they laugh at all, they must laugh uproariously, unrestrainedly, excitedly. The kind of joke they like is the one that hits them a terrific blow in the seat of reason.

On the whole, however, they would prefer sentimental emotion to any kind of laughter. It is not so much tears they are after as monstrous surges of hyper-pathos that leave them exhausted, gasping, almost agonised to death. And the authors who can lay the sob-stuff on with a trowel, as the saying goes, are, naturally, the authors who sell by the million and make fortunes for themselves and their publishers.

Some Successful Practitioners.

I don't know whether the late Charles Garvice had that faculty, but I suppose he had. Unfortunately, I missed his works. Sir Hall Caine could certainly do it, and, for all I know, is doing it still. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson can do it. But the most consistently successful of all is Miss Ethel M. Dell.

I have just read, for the first time, a novel by Miss Ethel M. Dell. I found the experiment tremendously interesting. I wanted to see the wheels go round. I saw them whirling at amazing speed.

Miss Dell's recipe, I suppose, would run somewhat as follows:

"READER'S HEART. Ingredients: 1 reader's heart, emotional force-meat, dripping tears for basting.

"METHOD.—Steep the heart in grandeur, glory, and the dwelling-places of the idle rich. Cut off the deaf ears. Fill the heart with the emotional forcemeat. Frequent basting with the tears will be found necessary. The excellence of this dish depends mainly on its being served with a generous hand."

It also depends on the skill of the cook. Miss Dell has real skill in her own line. Not only does she know exactly what her myriad readers want—a marvellous discovery in itself!—but she knows exactly how to give them that something.

"Charles Rex." The book

called "Charles Rex." The hero, to begin with, is a blackguard. That is to say, he calls himself a blackguard with frequency, and everybody agrees with him that he is a

blackguard. I can't tell how they know it. Whatever he does and says in the book is splendidly heroic, but there is supposed to be a fascination in blackguards, so we take it for granted that, in some deliciously fascinating way, unexplained, he is a blackguard.

At the same time, there is something



DRESSED FOR HER MORNING SWIM IN THE THAMES: LADY GLERAWLY.

Lady Glerawly is the wife of Viscount Glerawly, only son of the Earl of Annesley, and is the daughter of Major Alexander Rawlinson. She has recently been staying at Heron House, Richmond, which has just been bought by her mother. Our photograph shows that Lady Glerawly favours something very dashing and ornamental in the way of bathing caps.

Photograph by C.N.

regal about him, some suggestion of the "merry monarch." That is why they call him "Charles Rex." "The name fitted him

this careless distinction of mien always marked him. He received an almost involuntary respect wherever he went."

Well, there is your hero. Oh, I forgot to say that his eyes were odd—one black, one grey—and his brows black and deeply marked. Also, "he had a trick of moving them in conjunction with his thoughts, so that his face was seldom in absolute repose."

The Beggar Maid.

The next thing is to provide this extraordinary monarch, with the funny eyes and the twitching eyebrows, with a beggar maid. That is done on page 15, being the fifth of the story.

"A man in evening dress was gripping a fair-haired lad, who wore the hotel livery, by the back of his neck, and raining merciless blows upon his uncovered head. He turned, sharply straightening himself, at Saltash's tempestuous entrance, and revealed to the newcomer the deeply suffused countenance of the hotel manager."

The fair-haired lad, of course, was a fair-haired lass disguised as a boy. And the fair-haired lass conceals herself, that same night, in the cabin of Saltash's yacht. There's a situation for you! But Saltash, otherwise Charles Rex, knew quite well she was a girl, and, with the exception of giving her a good thrashing for cheating at cards, he treated her with every courtesy. Nothing like being shut up with a blackguard on his own yacht if you want to be treated with every possible courtesy.

He did more than that. When the yacht ran into a liner and got herself sunk, Charles Rex, the blackguard, risked his life to save the girl disguised as a boy. And then, as though to show that the blackguards are the pick of this strange world, he places the girl under the protection of the only woman he ever loved.

Coincidence. Old-fashioned authors are sticklers for probabilities. They are shy of coincidence. They will not use it. They would blush all over if they did. They would hack it out before it ever got near the public.

Miss Dell is not so squeamish. Coincidence is a useful ingredient, and in it goes. Charles Rex accounts for the presence of a girl on board his yacht by telling everybody she is the Captain's daughter. A very good idea, but the serious joke is that she is the Captain's daughter! The girl does not know it, and Charles Rex does not know it, and the Captain himself does not know it. But she is, for all that. It all comes out somewhere near the finish.

In the meantime, there are lots and lots of other wonderful things. The heroine, whose name is Toby, falls very much in love with Charles Rex. I am

really ashamed to tell you anything as obvious as that, but you ought to be quite certain—as certain as you would be if you read the book, as you surely will when I have finished with you.

(Continued elsewhere.)



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO STANWAY HOUSE: HER MAJESTY WITH SIR JAMES BARRIE, LADY WEMYSS, LADY MARY STRICKLAND, AND MR. WEBLEY.

Our snapshot, which was taken on the occasion of her Majesty's visit to the Countess of Wemyss at Stanway House, shows Sir James Barrie, with two of Lady Cynthia Asquith's sons; the Queen, the Countess of Wemyss, Lady Mary Strickland, the second daughter of the Countess of Wemyss, and sister of Lady Cynthia Asquith; and Mr. Webley.—[Photograph by W. J. Butt.]

like a garment. A certain arrogance, a certain royalty of bearing, both utterly unconscious and wholly unfeigned, characterised him. Whatever he did—and his actions were often far from praiseworthy—

A "Snap" Leading Lady Snapped in the Sun.



1. HOEING THE GARDEN :
MISS CICELY DEBENHAM,
OF THE VAUDEVILLE.

2. AT THE WHEEL : ONE
OF THE LEADING LADIES
OF "SNAP."

3. AT WORK ON THE LAND :
"MRS. LIBERTY FABRIC."

4. A WELL-DESERVED REST :
MISS DEBENHAM.

5. IN THE SWING : A VER-
SATILE YOUNG ACTRESS.

Miss Cicely Debenham is seen at her best in "Snap," the new revue at the Vaudeville, and has ample scope for the display of her varied talents. She is excellent as Mrs. Liberty Fabric, Primula, Mrs. Beetle, the Italian Soprano, and Mrs. Pottle, to quote only a few of the rôles she has to play in the gay new production which lives

up to its name of "Snap." Our photographs show Miss Debenham enjoying a day's holiday 'in the country, and prove that she is just as delightfully vivacious and full of energy off the stage as on it—and that she looks equally charming in "agricultural kit" and in soft silken attire.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM AITKEN, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

(Continued.)

"Please, Sir, you said you'd bought me body and soul. You can't mean to chuck me away—after that. Please, Sir, I'll do anything—anything under the sun—for you. And you—you can kick me—do anything to me—and I'll never say a word. I'm just yours—for as long as I live. Please, Sir—please, Sir—don't send me away! I—I'd rather die than that."

The Final Scene.

A dry eye? You wait. Charles Rex, you understand, falls in love with

Toby—not bluntly like that, of course, but stupendously, breathlessly, world-without-end-amenly. No sooner does that happen than Toby insists on going away!

"No! No! Don't touch me! Don't touch me! I can't bear it! I'm going now! I'm going right away! You'll never see me again—never hear of me! And you'll be free! Do you understand? You'll be quite free. I'll keep that promise I made to you. It won't be difficult. No one shall ever know how—and only you—you who never even pretended to love me—will be able to guess why."

You have to stop, and lay the book down, and walk to the window for air. Will he let her go? Oh, no, no, no, no! We, the reader, could never bear that!

"Mutely she yielded herself to him. By the strength of his will alone she left the abyss behind. But when he lifted her from the parapet back to safety, she cried out as one whom fear catches by the throat, and fainted in his arms."

"The Lay Anthony." Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer is also a master of emotion, nor does he altogether despise coincidence. "The Lay Anthony" is only a little book, but it is stuffed, and packed, and pressed down, and running over with emotion.

I am a great admirer of Mr. Hergesheimer's genius for words, but I am not wholly convinced by this story of the virtuous young baseball player. I suppose it is morally quite wrong, but male virtue is not particularly poetic as I see it. Besides, Anthony's virtue was no such great credit to him. Whenever he was about to yield, something happened to save him.

In the first chapter, for example, he agrees to accompany a friend on a visit to some ladies who are described by the friend as the "real, ruffled goods." "If they hand me any Sunday-school stuff," said Anthony, bluffing, "I'll step right on it. I'm considerably wise to these dames."

He never saw the "real, ruffled goods." In leaving the drug-store where the invitation was issued, he knocked over a whole gross of white-lilac perfume, which cost him seven dollars seventy. Saved again! It was out of the question to visit the real, ruffled goods with no money in your pocket.

Anthony in Love. He next falls in love with Eliza Dreen. This was the idyll of his life:

"An unreasonable conviction seized Anthony that a momentous occasion had overtaken him; he was unable to distinguish its features, discover it grave or gay; but,

wrapped in the impenetrable veil of the future, it enveloped and permeated him, swept in the circle of his blood's circulation, vibrated in the cords of his sensitive ganglia."

I think we may say that he was in love with Eliza. When a conviction vibrates in the cords of your sensitive ganglia, ten to one you've got it. You may as well surrender without further struggles.

Besides, Eliza was no ordinary "good-looker."

"Eliza's countenance was as tenderly hued as the pearly haze that overlay the far hills;



GUESTS OF LORD LEVERHULME, AND A FINE CATCH OF SALMON: MR. C. BEAMISH, SIR HARRY LAUDER, AND THE HEAD KEEPER, MACKINTOSH, (L. TO R.).

Sir Harry Lauder, the famous comedian, has been staying with Lord Leverhulme at Lews Castle. Our snapshot shows him with Mr. Beamish, another guest, and a fine string of salmon they killed.

faint mauve shadows deepened the blueness of her eyes; her mouth, slightly parted, held the fragile pink of coral; a tinge of weariness upon her bore an infinite appeal—her relaxed, drooping body filled him with a gusty longing to put his arms about her shoulders and hold her secure against all fatigue, against the assaults of time itself."

I am sorry to inform you that he never did. His father decided to send him to California for two years. He tries to say good-bye to Eliza, but she is ill, and cannot be seen.



AUTHOR OF "THE ETERNAL MASQUERADE": MR. H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

Mr. H. Dennis Bradley is well known as a witty and trenchant writer. His first book, "Not for Fools," made a considerable stir, and his new volume, "The Eternal Masquerade," has just appeared. It is on the subject of dress, and is a brilliantly written, epigrammatic book, as full of entertainment as of information, as it deals with historical characters and events, as well as with fashions in costume.

Photograph by Alferi.

Anthony as Chauffeur.

Anthony never gets to California. He was lured from his path, and becomes a temporary chauffeur to a gentleman of dissolute habits. One of the ladies of the party made ardent love to him:

"The night grew strangely oppressive, there was a roll of distant, muffled thunder; he turned to her with a commonplace about the heat, when her arms went about his neck, and she kissed him full, slowly, upon the lips. Subconsciously, he held her supple body to him. She leaned back against his

arms, her eyes shut and lips parted. A terrible and brute tyranny of desire welled up within him, sweeping away every vestige of control, of memory. The sky whirled in his vision, the substantial world vanished in a smother of flaming mists."

And what saved him this time, you ask? The lady used white-lilac scent. It was white lilac, you will remember, that Anthony knocked over in the store. The scent saved him. "He released her so suddenly that she fell against the railing." As for Anthony, he fled into the night.

One more episode, and then he heard, casually, that Eliza was

dead. What becomes of Anthony after that is not quite clear; but it is something powerful, I pledge you my word.

"The House of the Fighting Cocks."

This strange title leads you to expect a strange book—and you get it. Whether Mr. Henry Baerlein made it all up, or whether he translated it from the Spanish, you must decide for yourself. He says in a footnote that he found the MS. at Jalapa in 1911 in excellent condition, and proceeded to translate it; so why should we doubt him?

The gentleman, then, who tells the story is one Juan de Dios Eusebio de la Concha, whose father was a pious man and bred fighting cocks. They lived in the village of Colorado, and everybody who happened to want a fighting cock or two bought them from the author's father, which made his father rich and explains the title.

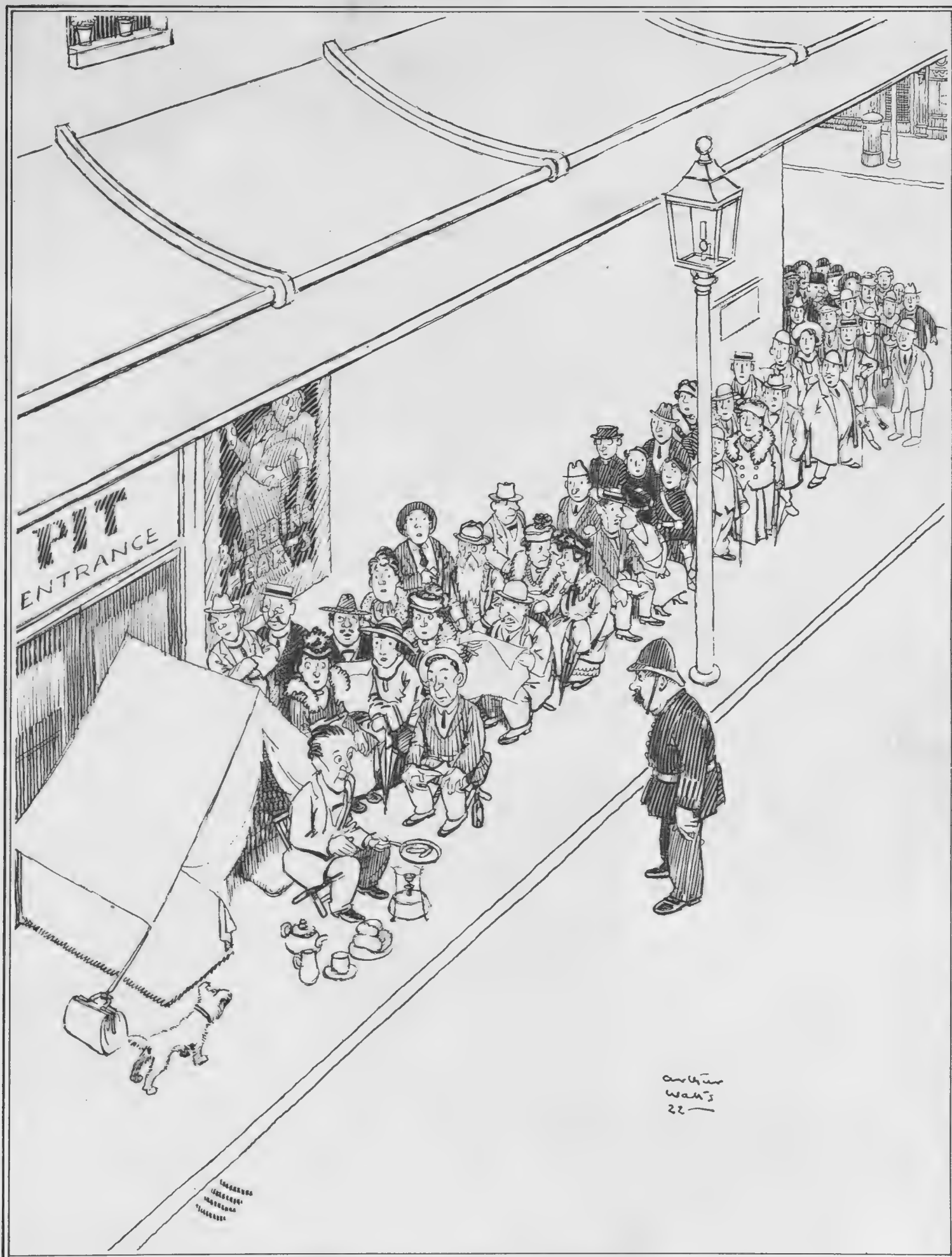
To this house came one day a peripatetic philosopher, who took the boy off with him and introduced him to the life adventurous. That ought to give you a fair idea of the book. It is not wholly concerned with cock-fighting. Men fight each other, which is more creditable, and the ancient philosopher philosophises:

"Perhaps there was a good philosopher of Augsburg in the sixteenth century who spent his life in thinking that a certain branch of knowledge should be propagated, and he wrote a hundred books about it; then his grandson spent his life in thinking that this branch was fatuous and obsolete and to be extirpated, and he wrote a hundred books. And if these two hundred are not all forgotten they distract us with their rival claims. I would impress upon you, my dear son, that we are not obliged to think with this philosopher or that—we need not think at all."

To which one can only add—quite.

Charles Rex. By Ethel M. Dell. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)
The Lay Anthony. By Joseph Hergesheimer. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)
The House of the Fighting Cocks. By Henry Baerlein. (Parsons; 7s. 6d. net.)

A Fantasy on Fact.



THE COMPLETE FIRST-NIGHTER!

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.



Tales with a sting.

ULYSSES UP TO DATE!

By G. B. STERN.

HUGH LEYS crept softly as any burglar across the lawn of his garden and stood for a moment, watchful, outside the French windows. He heard the church-clock strike two. It pleased his sense of the dramatic to return home, after seven years, at this uncanny hour between midnight and cock-crow! Dear little Penelope, how she would rejoice at sight of him!—how she would laugh and swoon and sob and beg him never again to leave her! At the thought of what she must have suffered, thinking him dead, the wanderer buried his head on his arms, leaning with full abandon of remorse against the French windows—which burst open and flung him in a sprawling and undignified attitude across the threshold of home at last. . . .

Somewhat disconcerted, Leys picked himself up, and tried to grope his way across the dining-room to the electric-light switch, but his passage was perpetually blocked and tripped by objects of which he had not the dimmest recollection. Peevishly he made up his mind to complain to Penelope in the morning. It was unwisely of her to have altered a single what-not, even if she believed him dead. He found the switch at last, and flooded the room with sudden light.

Wedding presents! The room was full of them—tables, floor, chairs, sideboard, all piled high. It was no good pretending even to himself that they were *not* wedding presents: that special type of clock and soup-tureen and salt-cellar, salad-bowl and fish-slicer, could not be anything else.

Surely his son Teddy was not of an age to marry yet? The boy was barely nine when his father had been reported "Missing"—seven years ago.

At that precise moment the door opened, and Teddy entered.

"Hallo, pater," he said cheerily, "you've grown a beard."

Hugh Leys was deeply moved.

"My son!" he said, and tottered towards him. Teddy shut his eyes and stiffened—

"I thought it might be you," he continued, a minute or two later, when the embrace was over. "I wonder old Argus didn't bark." (As a matter of fact, Argus, hearing his master's step, had leapt up once joyfully, and then collapsed of heart failure.)

"So you are not dead, after all?" went on the self-possessed young gentleman in silk pyjamas. "Well, well—never mind, we will see what can be done. Tell us all about it."

He cleared himself a place on the table among the wedding presents, and perched himself there, coolly swinging his legs, and obviously prepared to be bored for the next hour or two. His father could not forbear thinking that a little more emotion might have been shown. He could not even excuse Teddy's attitude on the grounds that sixteen years old was an "awkward age." Young Teddy was so manifestly easy and graceful. His aplomb would have done credit to the Diplomatic Service. If anyone was at an awkward age it was Hugh Leys himself, aged forty-four, and with a good deal of grey in his hair and beard.

"Tell me this first," he faltered; "how has your mother—endured it?"

"Oh, she was a bit fed up at first, but she consoled herself knitting comforts for the troops. You remember that old jumper

she was at just before you left?—she's back at that again now; I don't suppose it will ever be finished at the rate she unpicks. And then the suitors began to arrive—pretty woman, the mater! That fluffy, helpless style appeals to men, you know. We always had the house full of them, and now—but never mind, fire away. Why the devil did you never write or anything?"

"Because I wanted to be free," broke out Hugh Leys fiercely. "I was always as restless as hell. Your mother made me stay at home too much. She imagined that a man of my temperament could be held by a herbaceous border. Once a woman like Penelope loves you, it's like being stuck in a glue-pot." For a moment he had forgotten that Teddy was not the right recipient for these confidences. He kicked out savagely at a majolica jardinière at his feet, broke it. His son looked apprehensive.

"Hush, I say, do shut up; the mater will hear you and come down, and I specially don't want her to."

"Why?" demanded his parent.

"I'll tell you why later. I suppose," said the wily Teddy, "that you must have seen a great many interesting things on your travels?"

Off went Hugh Leys at a tremendous pace. It could all be told again to Penelope, of course, and at his club; but on Teddy felt that first fine rapture of narrative which pours from every returned traveller: lengthy descriptions of his escape from a German prison camp; his recapture; his sufferings; his release at the end of the war; his impulsive resolve to assume a name and identity not his own, and thus remain "Missing" until he had enjoyed his fling. Then vivid accounts of dangers bravely faced and difficulties overcome. Here and there an anecdote; incredible hardships endured with an airy laugh—Teddy blinked once or twice, and, unperceived, kept on pricking his own leg with the fish-slicer; by dint of this he managed to keep awake until the clock chimed three. Then, interrupting an animated account of a storm off the coast of North Africa, during which only Hugh Leys and the captain managed to keep on deck, he said in a chummy sort of way; "Tell me, old man, is there no 'strong love interest' in this story, as they say in the publishers' catalogues?"

The bait was irresistible. There had been several sirens, it transpired; and one of them a creature of surpassing beauty, wit and fascination—"Never mind her name," said Leys mysteriously; "I always called her Circe."

"To rhyme with Percy," murmured his offspring. "Do go on, pater; I like this much better than the storm off North Africa."

So Hugh Leys told him all about the exquisitely appointed villa on the Mediterranean where he and the lady whom he called Circe had dallied, forgetful of time and duty; told him of the blue sky and the wine-dark sea, and the oranges and myrtle. . . .

("Yes, yes; cut all the Nature patter"—from Teddy.)

. . . Told him of the *cordons bleus* who had prepared their Arcadian meals; told him, above all, how Circe had adored him, waited on him, thought him peerless amongst men, hung enraptured at his travel stories, sung to him when he was tired, and now lay like a

broken chalice emptied of all joy because he had said good-bye to her. "And, mind you," boasted Teddy's father, "it wasn't that I was the only one. She simply wouldn't look at a Chicago millionaire who was as keen as mustard; and there was a Scotch Lord and three Russian Grand Dukes—"

Teddy kindly informed him that Russian Grand Dukes were out of date. "There's something quaint and old-world about 'em, of course, but you can't *swank* 'em any more. Anyway, what I want to know is, why ever you left this better 'ole of yours?"

The wanderer became impressive, with a hollow note in his voice. "No man can escape remorse, my son. We sow our wild oats, we lie lotus-eating upon sunny shores. . . and then, quite suddenly, we know that it must end. "Duty, parenthood"—Teddy wriggled uneasily. "Every night in my dreams I had a vision of Penelope waiting, Penelope weeping; my patient, golden-haired little wife, not daring to believe me alive, yet unwilling to believe me dead, growing paler and older and thinner with suspense, wringing her hands through the long, lonely nights. I realised that I was a selfish, callous brute. My conscience gave me no rest. I came home; I am here, ready to shoulder my responsibilities. When your call comes, Teddy, may you throw off temptation as resolutely—"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," said Teddy, springing erect from the table, and stretching himself with a long-pent-up yawn. "Well, you see, dear old dad, I am happy to make an announcement which will satisfy your conscience and at the same time set you free to go back to your little harmless romance on the shores of the wine-dark etc. The mater's going to be married to-morrow."

Hugh Leys staggered.

"Get me a drink!" he gasped. Teddy mixed him one from the *tantalus* on the sideboard, and thoughtfully watched him drink it.

"Joy too much for you?" he queried. "She's marrying rather a big pot, as it happens; Sir Gordon MacDougall, of the Foreign Office. I don't mind telling you that I biffed on the match for all I was worth. The Foreign Office is *my* mark, you see, when I have tootled through Oxford; and my step-father-to-be has enormous influence. He could wangle me almost any job I wanted. He likes me, too. You see, pater, with all due respect, you couldn't do much for my future, could you? I mean you're a bit of a dug-out nowadays, especially after you've been knocking around all this time. Now, as long as you are sensible and trip off at once, so that the mater should go on believing you dead—It really was damned inconsiderate of you to come back to-night of all nights!" concluded Teddy, in a sudden burst of wrath.

His father made a feeble attempt at authority, and suggested that Teddy ought to be in bed and not concerning himself with the complicated affairs of grown-ups. Teddy remained patient under this extreme provocation. "What you don't appear to grasp is that the law permits a woman to marry again if during seven years she has received no news of her husband, and genuinely believes him dead. Mater is so conscientious she would never do anything that wasn't legal. If she once heard you jawing and breaking

(Continued on page xii.)

The Wife of a Grenadier.



FORMERLY MISS ENID DUDLEY WARD : MRS. ALLAN HENRY SHAFTO ADAIR.

Mrs. Allan Henry Shafto Adair is the wife of Mr. A. H. Shafto Adair, M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Robert Shafto Adair, fifth Baronet, of Flixton Hall, Suffolk. She is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. William Humble Dudley Ward, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, and grand-daughter of the first Viscount Esher. Mrs. Adair's

elder brother, Mr. Dudley Ward, is the Vice-Chamberlain of H.M. Household, and has been the Member for Southampton since 1906; and one of her sisters married Sir Bryan Godfrey Faussett, K.C.V.O., C.M.G., R.N., Equerry in Waiting to his Majesty. Mr. and Mrs. Adair are very popular in Society, and go about a great deal.

FROM THE DRAWING BY LEO KLIN.

The Wife of a Remarkably Able Barrister.



IN SPANISH MOOD: MRS. A. S. COMYNS CARR.

Mrs. Comyns Carr is the wife of Mr. Arthur Strettell Comyns Carr, the barrister who has come so prominently before the public eye in several important cases of late, and is likely to reach a

high eminence. He is on the South-Eastern Circuit, and also practises at the Herts, Essex, and City of London Sessions. Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr have a town house in Acacia Road, N.W.

Photograph by H. Waller Barnett.

The Wife of a Great Parliamentary Querist.



FORMERLY MISS DORIS WHITLEY-THOMSON: THE HON. MRS. KENWORTHY.

The Hon. Mrs. Kenworthy is the wife of Commander the Hon. Joseph Montague Kenworthy, and the daughter of Sir Frederick Whitley Whitley-Thomson. Her husband is the elder son of Lord Strabolgi, and has sat as M.P. for Kingston-upon-Hull since March 1919. He served in the Navy during the war, and

was at one time Assistant Chief of Staff at Gibraltar. Commander Kenworthy is now well known as being one of the greatest Parliamentary querists of political history. Mrs. Kenworthy was married in 1913, and has three sons and one daughter. Her girl, who was born in 1918, has the unusual Christian name of Ferelith.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

Granddaughter of an Earl and Daughter of a Baronet.



THE ELDEST OF THREE SISTERS: MISS SYLVIA PAGET.

Miss Sylvia Paget, who is a recent débutante, is the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Richard Arthur Surtees Paget, Bt., of Cranmore Hall, Somerset, and Lady Muriel Paget, O.B.E. She is the granddaughter of the twelfth Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, and was born in 1901. Her sister, Miss Winifred Paget, is two years younger;

then comes Miss Angela Sibell Paget, born in 1906; and their only brother is the youngest in the family, as he "dates" from 1914. Lady Muriel Paget received her O.B.E. for the very fine work she did in the war. She took a Red Cross unit to Russia before the Revolution, and did a great deal to relieve the distress in that unhappy country.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Crack Men of the Crack Counties.

MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON.

WITH four Etonians in their first XI., Hants should not fail. Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson has had under his orders this season three highly promising young cricketers in R. Aird, who will captain Hampshire one of these days; W. R. Shirley, a rejected of Middlesex, and none the worse for that; and P. E. Lawrie. How many years more Tennyson will captain the team is not known. He has not maintained the surprising form he showed when he first came into prominence, before going out to South Africa in 1913-14 with the M.C.C. team, but that form was beyond the power of mortal man to keep up.

R. AIRD.

R. Aird was the best batsman in the Eton XI. of 1921, and one of the three best batsmen at Cambridge in 1922, without getting his Blue.



P. MEAD.

an innings of over 90 in his second county match.

PHILIP MEAD.

Philip Mead, whom the traducers of Surrey delight in describing as an Oval cast-off, needs very little introduction to a cricket reader. As owner of England's record individual score in a Test Match against Australia, Mead will be remembered until somebody scores 183.

GEORGE BROWN.

George Brown, not of China Town but of Oxfordshire, is the best all-round cricketer Hampshire has ever owned. Even so, England never discovered his worth until he was past his best, and then they made the poor old chap keep wicket! How Hampshire laughed, though not so loud as Armstrong did. However, honest George Brown, who owns to 35, has been a magnificent all-rounder in his day.



P. E. LAWRIE, R. AIRD, MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON, W. R. SHIRLEY.



W. H. LIVSEY, J. NEWMAN, G. S. BOYES.

Except for a tendency, so fashionable nowadays, to exaggerate footwork, his batting holds out high promise, as he has defence, good wrists, and good eye.

W. R. SHIRLEY.

W. R. Shirley's cricket has been handicapped by ill-health, and by the fate which made him field when a youngster always in the slips or near the wicket. His fielding lacks the quick agility which, to be first-class, every youngster must show. His bowling, which promised so well when he was in his early 'teens, has developed into a kind of neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good herring type, mainly because of his health. But his batting is of high promise, because he has defence, attack, and a good method. He played



G. BROWN.

JACK NEWMAN.

To look at him, you wouldn't think Jack Newman is only a month younger than George Brown, but such is the case. A fine bowler of the quick off-break and the yorker, Newman has for many years been a sheet-anchor of Hampshire's attack.

W. H. LIVSEY AND G. S. BOYES.

Livsey, wicket-keeper, and Boyes, left-arm slow bowler, show great promise in their respective jobs. Livsey has already got on board two representative teams, one of which is South Africa bound; and by dint of sheer hard work, Boyes will very likely get there, too, for he can field a bit and bat a bit. Southampton is very proud of her home-born colt.

CRICKET STYLISTS PHOTOGRAPHED BY A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER: X.—HAMPSHIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

Turnham Green?



THE FIRST REVELLER : Wha' time ish it?

THE SECOND : We'n'sday.

THE FIRST : Gad, I ought to have got out at the lasht station.

DRAWN BY FRANK NEWBOULD.

Born 1820 — Still going Strong !



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 18.

The "BEAR," Devizes, on the old coaching road to Bath and the resting place of many notabilities of the 18th Century.

Johnnie Walker: "Madam, I salute you. In your time you have played in many parts."

Shade of Mrs. Siddons: "Yes, but you, JOHNNIE WALKER, are at home in all parts."

JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

WHAT

DUNLOP
CORD TYRES

HAVE DONE

From Capt. G. EGERTON PEARCE, Chagford, Devon.

"In October last I had Dunlop Cord Tyres fitted to my 25 h.p. Vauxhall car. I drove the car to the South of France, carrying a large amount of luggage and three adult passengers. I used the car almost every day for six months and came home via the High Alps. The journey was made in the worst of weather, but we arrived safely back in Devon with the same set of tyres with which we went away. The tyres are very little worn although the mileage is fully 6,000."

From S. F. EDGE, Esq., Ditchling, Sussex.

"I thought it only right to let you know how very successful the Dunlop Cord Tyres were which you supplied me with for my six cylinder A.C. car which was entered recently at Brooklands, and gained such a big series of records from 2 to 12 hours inclusive, averaging for 12 hours over 70 miles an hour. I believe they stand with the unique record of having run a greater distance at 70 miles an hour than any set of tyres in the world have ever done."

From H. G. POPE, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on my G.W.K. car in the Scottish Six Days Trial, and obtained the best possible award, a Gold Medal. The same set of tyres were used in the London-Land's End Trial, in which I attribute my successes to the excellent gripping properties of your tyres."

From FRANK SEARLE, Esq., Managing Director, Daimler Hire Ltd., London, S.W.7.

"I should like to put on record the really wonderful results we are getting with your Dunlop Cord Tyres. Considering that our fleet consists of 250 30 h.p. landaulettes and our mileage in the summer approaches five hundred thousand miles a month (all of which is done on Dunlops) we are in a position to appreciate good value for money in tyres."

From a User at Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

"In May, 1921, I purchased a six cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley car fitted with your Cord Tyres. I have done exactly 10,000 miles running, and have had no trouble whatsoever, no punctures or bursts, and the tyres still look good for two or three thousand more miles."

From R. G. JACKSON, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on the London-Land's End run and in the strenuous Scottish Six Days Trial, the tyres giving the utmost satisfaction. I have not had a puncture since they were originally fitted, neither have the tyres needed to be touched in any way."

From W. MORRISON, Esq., Loch Assynt.

"I am glad to say that your Magnum Cords are really good and I am having splendid service out of them on Albion and Ford cars."

From A. R. HUNTER, Esq., Workson.

"I am now absolutely convinced that there is nothing better in the tyre world than the Dunlop Cord."

From P. J. CAFFYN, Esq., Caffyns Ltd., Eastbourne.

"I am still driving on the original four Dunlop Cords, although I have now exceeded 9,000 miles. Three of these tyres have not been re-inflated since fitted."

From W. H. BOWATER, Esq., Birmingham.

"I have been a user of your tyres for many years, and thought it would be interesting to you to know the mileage done by the last four tyres on my car. The Tyres are Cord, size 820 x 120, and are run on a Wolseley 20 h.p. six cylinder limousine.

Tyre No. 18184 Mileage 15,987 miles.

" " 18114 " 15,096 "

" " 17137 " 18,735 "

" " 18062 " 17,697 "

I have a careful record kept of all my tyres, and if you would like to verify the mileage, I shall be very pleased for you to do so."

From JAMES FAIRLIE, Esq., Falkirk.

"I have on my Moon car two Dunlop Cord Tyres which have reached the 14,000 mile mark and are still going strong . . . two others have done over 5,000 each and look quite fresh."

TRADE

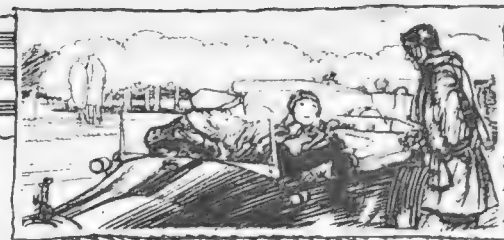


MARK

HOW THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE JUSTIFIES ITS NAME

To obtain the best results from any cover, give it the unfailing support of a Dunlop tube.

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



A Great Historical Event.

Motor travel was such a prominent feature in the Prince of Wales's tour in India that I am not surprised that the Crossley Motor Company and the Dunlop Company have issued an illustrative account in the nature of a brief summary of this great historical event. For it was Crossley cars, shod with Dunlop tyres, that our First Motorist and his Staff utilised on all the occasions as the official cars. Consequently in this booklet, which those firms

a 16-20-h.p. S.P.A. car with an all-weather body. In these competitions it is as much a matter of good judgment as of car efficiency, though both are necessary to win; and I must say he seems to have both virtues—a steady head and a good car—to push him through! Perhaps the secret of success in this sort of trial is not to worry about it or tinker with the car too much. I know, in the Scottish Six Days' Trial for light cars this year, the two 11.4-h.p. Citroën cars were first and second in fuel-consumption, simply because their drivers had never worried a bit about taking special care about the amount of fuel used. Citroën cars are advertised to do 36 miles per gallon; the carburettors were not altered from standard; and the winning Citroën did 36.802 miles per gallon over the whole course of 1020 miles in Scotland, notwithstanding the strenuous nature of the roads or the hills of the route.

Coachwork Improvements.

Comfort in motor-cars is nearing that of our ancient and smooth-running horsed carriages. Mind you, it has not yet approached its zenith by a long way, but it is advancing that way. Of course, our old roads

were suitable for the speed our horses could trot, and the carriage springs absorbed its inequalities excellently. To-day, our roads have not reached the same standard when the greater speed of the modern motor carriage is taken into consideration, so that though one may blame the motor-builder for the jars one may get when travelling, he is only partly responsible. People are apt to forget this side of the question; though,

specialists are reaping a harvest in the meanwhile. Still, better comfort is being provided each day motoring gets older. Take the new Gwynne all-weather, four-door, convertible body that the Portland All-Weather Equipment Company, of Great Portland Street, W., have just introduced. In this design you get protection in all weathers, as it permits the occupants to transform it into an open touring car, a limousine, or partly one style and partly the other, in a couple of seconds. Its secret is that the side-pillars, which fold up with the leather, cloth-lined top—or head, as it is termed—automatically fit into their sockets, and really fit without any suspicion of rattle. I believe that in the near future both four-seater and two-seater touring cars will adopt this type of all-weather coachwork as standard in place of the makeshift side-curtain business.

Another Small Car.

I am wondering whether we shall not get down to buying a sort of motor bath-chair in the days to come if the vision of the motor trade is right. Scarcely a week elapses but someone introduces another small car. Goodness only knows how many hundred varieties we have already on the market to choose from, yet still they come, and get smaller and smaller. Last week the small Austin; this week the new 8-h.p. Charron—a Frenchie, as the boys say at school. A very charming Frenchman, too; but who is going to buy one over here even though it is wonderful value for £325? There are already many others of a similar price, or thereabouts, and more or less serviceable capacity. Of course, I can hear its makers say, "Why not ours as well as the other fellow's?" Just so, my friends, but there is only so much business to be had and shared between you, and I



A 1906 CROSSLEY ON HER MAIDEN TRIP: ON THE BRAES O' BALQUIDDER.

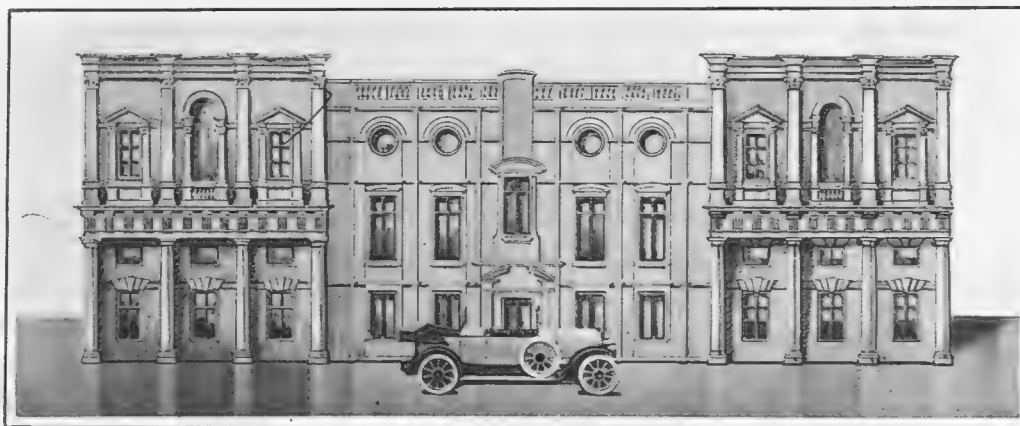
This beautiful snapshot shows a brand-new 1906 Crossley on her maiden trip. She is on the Braes o' Balquidder, on her run of 221 miles from the Crossley works in Manchester to her owner's house in Scotland.

have published conjointly, entitled, "With the Prince Through India," one finds the Crossley touring car emblazoned with the three ostrich plumes (in place of the usual number identity plate) in the illustrations, whether at Calcutta, the Khyber Pass, on the road to Chitral, at Rangoon, at military parades, at garden parties, or inspecting colleges and other official ceremonies. It is a pleasing souvenir of a triumphant progress, and I am glad to possess it; also to learn from its pages that the twelve Crossley cars used to convey the Prince and his Staff had no mechanical or tyre troubles throughout this successful pilgrimage in the East. But being of a statistical mind, I should have liked to know the actual mileage the Prince's Crossley actually did run from November 17, 1921, when he landed in Bombay, to March 17, 1922, when he embarked on leaving India. The diary of the cities visited and the dates of arrival and departure are included in the booklet, which, with the map of the tour, adds further interest to its possession.

A Few Prize Winners.

My old friend Bablot has again shown his wonderful weight-for-age condition by winning the chief event of the Boulogne motor-racing meeting on a Hispano-Suiza. And the infernally bad weather—pouring rain—did not prevent him from covering the 375 kilometres at an average speed of 103 kilometres per hour, non-stop, on his Dunlop straight-sided cord tyres—a fine performance all round.

Mr. Rex. G. Mundy is one of the young competition drivers that seem to have very old heads, as he seldom fails to win a prize, whether piloting a motor-bike, a cycle-car, or a full-size motor carriage, in any of the events in which he participates. One of his recent successes was in the York-Edinburgh-York 24-hours reliability run, in which he secured the coveted gold medal on



THE GREY FAIRY OUTSIDE "TITANIA'S PALACE": THE BEAUTIFUL MODEL OF THE 15.9 HUMBER.

Titania's Palace, the miniature home of the Fairy Queen, has been invented, designed, decorated and carried out by Major Sir Neville Wilkinson, K.C.V.O. It is part of his theory of fairyland, and his scheme, if successful, may materially benefit the Waifs and Strays and the N.S.P.C.C. The model of the 15.9 Humber, exquisitely finished and perfect in every detail, is an essential part of the palace equipment, and has been named the Grey Fairy.

considering the amount of cash they are asked to pay for our roads, it ought to be always in their minds. Still, the coach-builders are perplexed to know whether to build their carriages to suit the roads as they are now, or whether to construct them to travel smoothly on the roads as they ought to be. Consequently, the shock-absorber

do not think that there is enough to get you all a decent living. The register of cars shows that the tax paid averages £17 per car, on a total of roughly 250,000 private cars. There are certainly more than 250 different makes and sizes catering for orders, so where do big outputs come in? More cars and fewer makers is my ideal.

Over There!

What Matters. You will probably find—indeed, by this time most of you have well and truly found it for yourselves—that in the matter of holidays it is not Places that matter. Or even Times. But Seasons. The things, you know, that control the rain-supply and effect the necessary variations in the wind-power. Because they it is, and not the

Matutinal Irritation.

Especially, of course, where there is a large wet tract underfoot (as well as overhead) called the sea. One may tolerate once in a way, as a pleasing incident of a warm summer, the unpleasant sensation of cold rain-drops slapping a hospitable back as you take it down to the sea. But not too often. And, above all, not every day. And, besides,

few things are more irritating to the Well-Dressed Man than, on pausing in the morning to select his confection for the day, to find his style cramped by the painful fact that his nicest pair—the ones with the purple shade in them—are still being dried after yesterday's expedition to the ruins at Anglebury.

Lakeland Delights.

But if you want to see this aspect of life at its highest and noblest, follow it North. Like Lord Tennyson's old gentleman who fol-

lowed a gleam. And when you see a *quorum* of monuments to metrical gentlemen and their friends, get out. Because you have arrived in the Lakes, and you can enjoy the pure English climate at its purest. And its most English. Strange, in those solitudes, are the sights that your eyes may see. Other men may go beyond Aberdeen to catch a glimpse of the knees of stock-brokers as they persecute the deer in fancy dress. But for the simpler taste, the mountaineers of Lakeland should suffice. Adequately.

Breeched Beauties.

The more purely and essentially mountaineering element was provided by the younger members of the family. They didn't quite like to go so far as to wear ropes round their middles. Not that it seemed too pretentious. But because if they were asked suddenly, they couldn't quite say what one did with them. But what they lacked round their middles, they made up for about the legs. The young ladies almost ceased to be young ladies, and wore—they positively wore—breeches. With nice long skirty coats. And as for the young gentlemen—oh, the young gentlemen merit a paragraph to themselves.

"Beaver" Stockings.

Starting on the ground, they wore enormous boots, overgrown with a good deal of superfluous ironmongery. Then very hairy stockings, at which small boys were apt to point, ejaculating "Beaver." And the most spacious breeches outside Wellington Barracks. Surmounted by old, old jackets, and the whole crowned by tired, world-weary hats borrowed from scarecrows. Thus attired, they tramped impressively through the Hotel and down the road. Sometimes they got as far as the corner where you can see the Pike from. And sometimes not. But they never came home without having a real good lie. Which is the best of mountaineering in the Lakes.



THE Highbrow meets "Mother": Mrs. Smith (Mr. A. W. Baskcomb); Egbert (Mr. Roy Royston); and Mabel (Miss Cicely Debenham), in "Snap."

One of the most amusing numbers in "Snap," the new Vaudeville revue, is entitled "Relativity," and shows Egbert the Highbrow's encounter with Mrs. Smith, the mother of Mabel. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb as the Mrs. Malaprop mother gives one of the finest pieces of character-acting he has ever achieved.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

name of the place on the map (it may lie well on the Equator, for all that I know), or the name of the month in the calendar (they may even go so far as to call it August), that really Make the Difference.

Damped Brilliance.

Thus. You may be conveyed with a gay and brilliant party of lanceuses and deadheads to Merville-Plage, where an enterprising syndicate has just decided to convert the gas-works into a Casino and treble all prices. You may be the jolliest little collection of loafers in Western Europe. But if a wind from the wrong end of the Channel brings a dreary, tattered drift of mist with trails of rain weeping out of one corner, why then not all the brilliance of yourself and the other notorieties can make the landscape of Merry Little Merville one fraction less ugly than its Maker left it before the syndicate came along and painted all the breakwaters green.

The End of Summer.

And the same distressing phenomenon is discernible even in your own country (which, as you are aware from the literature available in railway stations—see small bills—you should See First). Even there, in that favoured spot where the normal summer opens in June and shuts with a click on the day that you start for your holidays, the weather is apt to make a difference. Even if you have managed to get your choice of a resort absolutely right and to land there, complete with horse, foot, artillery, and baggage, without casualties *en route*.

From Wigan.

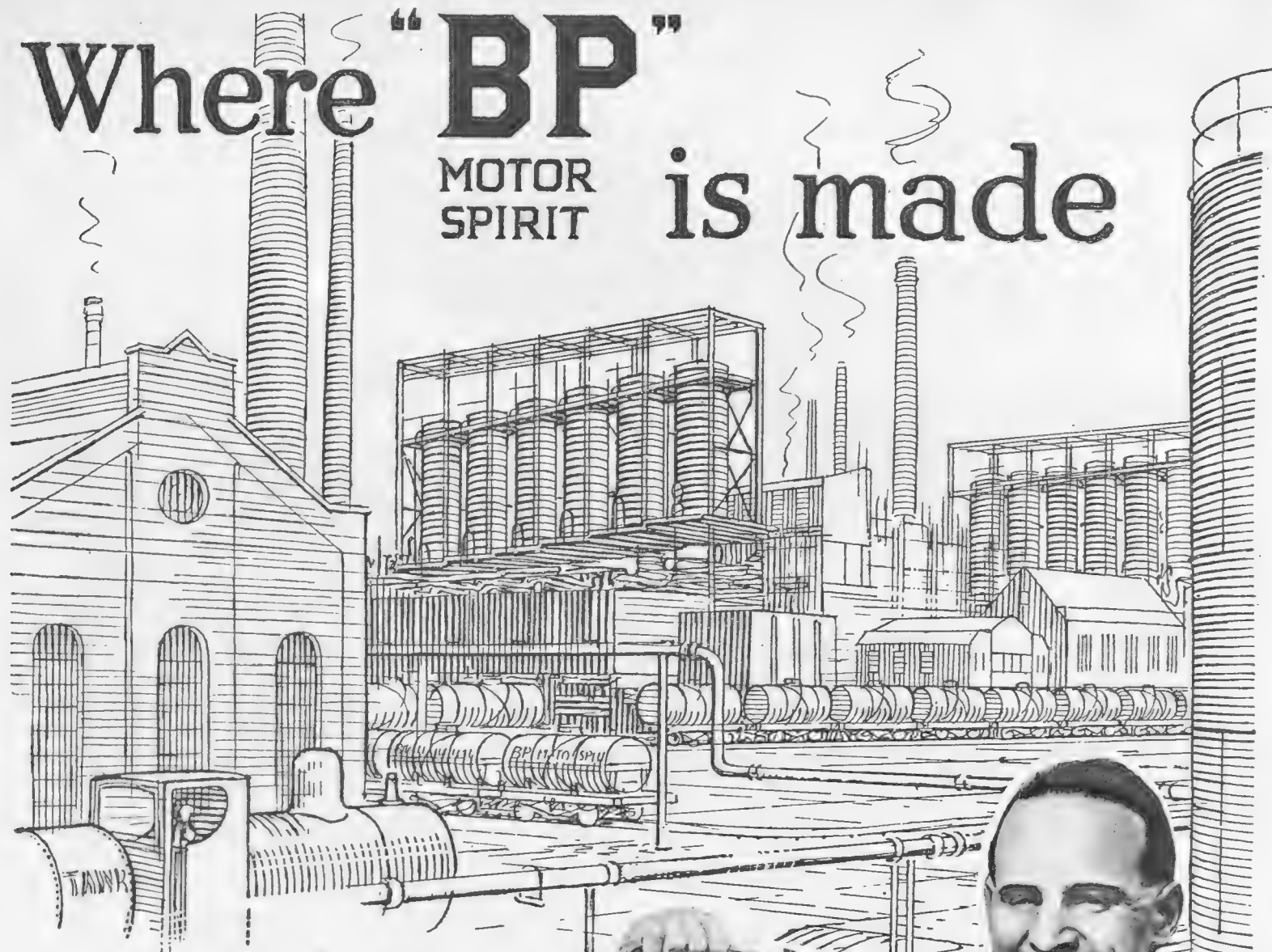
They came, it would seem, from St. Helens. Or, conceivably, from Wigan. That, perhaps, was why Father was inseparable from a small cloth cap, and



"ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN": THE "SNAP" SKIT ON NEWSPAPER ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

The names in our photograph, reading from left to right, are: 'Enery (Mr. A. W. Baskcomb), Bert (Mr. Herbert Munday), Cissy (Mary Leigh), Mrs. Slug (Clarice Mayne), and Mrs. Bettie (Cicely Debenham). 'Enery has insured himself with the "Daily Depress," and the family make every effort to provide him with an 'expensive' accident. At last he does break his leg—but the delight of his relations is damped when they find they have forgotten to post the coupons, and so won't get the insurance money! [Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

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THE great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Ltd., marks the highest development of modern refining practice.

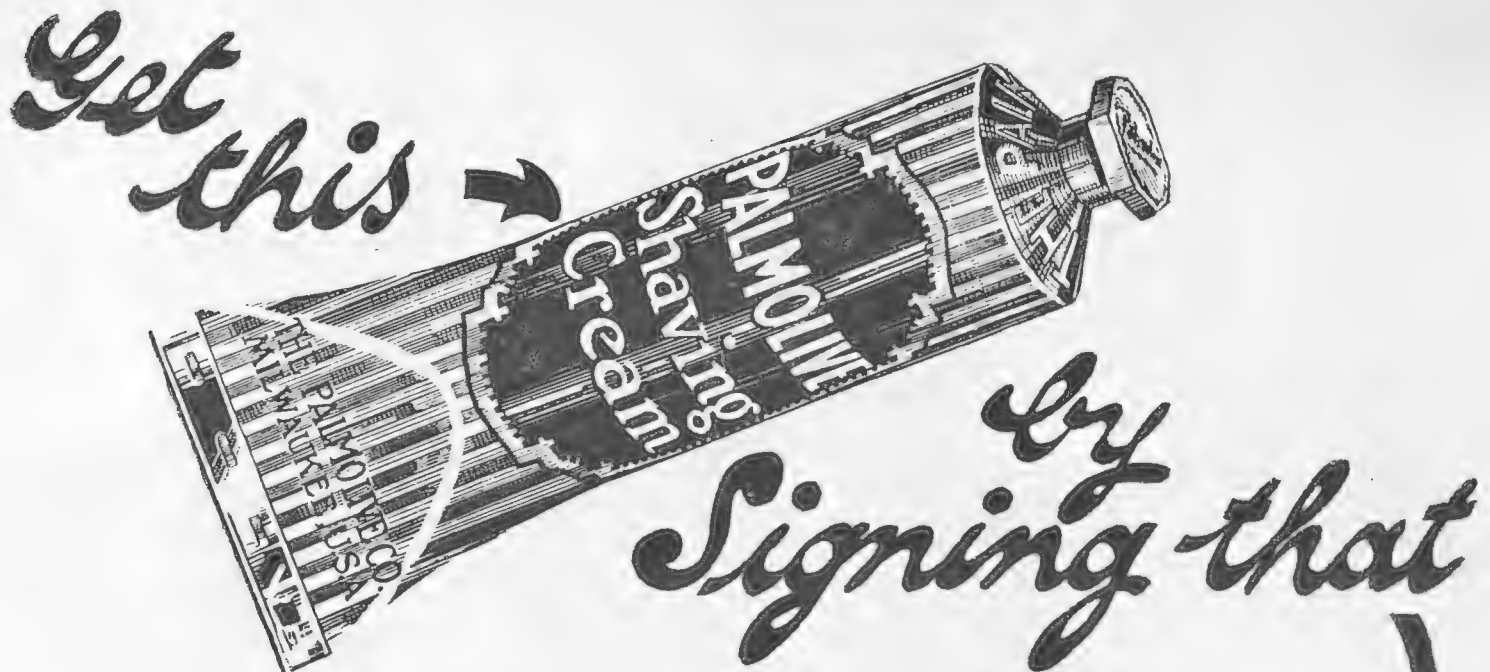
Here "B.P." Motor Spirit is made from Persian Oil—one of the richest Crude Oils in the World—by scientific methods which ensure to the motorist the finest and most uniform spirit.

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It costs you nothing and you won't be sorry

YOU won't be sorry because the sample tube will introduce you to a vastly better way of shaving that will give you quicker and smoother shaves than you ever had before.

If you, as a fair minded man, are willing to listen to a straight business proposal, and not unwilling to make a change for the better, we suggest that you certainly ought to put this product to the test.

What it will do for you

A tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream gives you over one hundred shaves.

A bit of shaving cream as small as a pea gives you a ball of lather as big as a potato. You get the lather at once without fuss, trouble or mess.

The lather is thick and creamy, stiff enough to support the hairs and make it possible to shave with one passage of the razor over the face.

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water. This softens the toughest growth.

The creamy fulness of the lather maintains itself for ten minutes on the face and brush. There is no need to make new lather.

Due to the palm and olive oils from which the cream is made, the lather acts like a lotion and can never irritate. When you have finished shaving the skin is soft, smooth and comfortable.

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Shaving Cream

You will find that the Palmolive way of shaving means Simplified Shaving—it means a quicker, smoother and more comfortable shave than you ever experienced before.

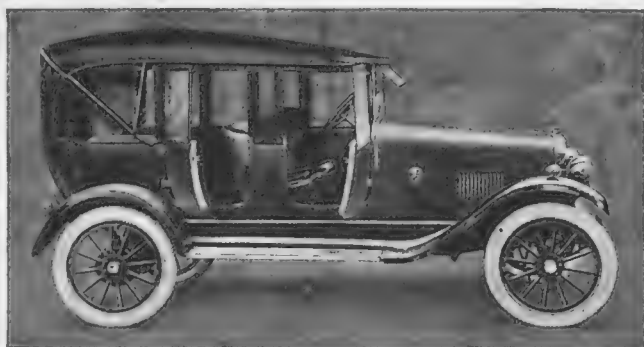
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Please send me FREE a 10 shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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Overland

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is all that is required to change this car from an Open Touring to a completely enclosed one.

The side curtains fit snugly all round, giving ample protection in the worst weather. The upholstery is in real leather, and an Auster Wind Screen and C.A.V. Lamps are fitted.

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Attractive Tailored SHIRT (as sketch), made in pure silk crêpe armour, with becoming long collar, fastening three pearl buttons. In ivory only. Sizes 13 to 14½.

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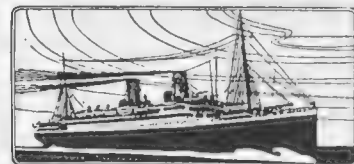
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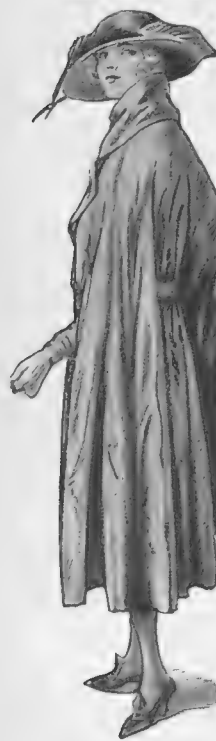
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WOMAN'S WAYS *By* MABEL HOWARD

Early Autumn Fashions. The last few weeks of summer, the season in which Fashion gathers her forces for her great autumn activities, are always an exciting period. A mysterious hush broods over the domain of dress, from which is about to emerge—what? The

for the ornamentation of afternoon frocks; while long pointed, square, or fan-shaped panels, inverted pleats, intricately worked metal girdles and pouched Russian blouse-panels will all play an important part in the coming autumn fashions.



While voile and filet lace make the pretty frock worn by the little girl on the left, while her companion's dress is of navy-blue gabardine ornamented with scarlet braid and buttons. Sketched at Harvey Nichols'.

whole feminine world is on the *qui vive* to know the nature of the forthcoming edicts which are to rule them during the coming year. It is early days in which to prophesy the trend of the autumn fashions, but certain signs have already been given which, if they cannot be taken as definite indications, may at least be considered as straws which show from which quarter the wind is likely to blow. It seems that Fashion is too pleased with her last year's discovery of the possibilities of the sheath-like silhouette and low waist-line to depart far from this style. There will, of course, be modifications and alterations. It is probable that the natural waist will be emphasised to a certain degree by slightly raising the waist-line, but the long skirt will still prevail in all gowns, whether designed for day or evening wear.

Colour and Decoration. From the point of view of colour, the autumn of 1922 will be characterised by a prevalence of sober hues. Nigger, beige and dove-grey are high in favour for the composition of long coats, costumes and coat-frocks, but alleviating touches of brighter colour will be added by gay trimmings, which promise to be exceptionally brilliant this season. Braid, particularly, will appear in considerable quantities, and will be expressed in vivid shades on a dull background. Steel beading, too, will be much in evidence

The Progress of Dress.

It is interesting — and distinctly gratifying to feminine vanity — to compare the relative progress made during the last three or four hundred years in the domain of woman's clothes as contrasted with that of man's. During the seventeenth century, the standard of beauty in dress was equally high for both men and women. The slashed doublets and plumed hats worn by the Cavaliers vied quite successfully with the elaborate Tudor dresses, with their low-waisted corsage, full skirt, and daintily puffed sleeves, favoured by the women of the time. Since this period, however, men's clothes have become plainer and more uninteresting with every passing year. This might be forgiven if, at least, they expressed the last word in comfort, but even that recommendation is denied them. As far as women's clothes are concerned, the opposite can truthfully be claimed, for in this branch of art every year sees a greater advance towards the ideal of dress—a perfect union between ease and beauty.

Autumn Costumes.

The fact that the costume will alter little in form may be taken as significant of Fashion's general tendency to cling to last year's outline. The slim silhouette will still prevail in all well-cut coats and skirts, so that simplicity will be preserved as far as the shape is concerned, while much scope for distinctive treatment will be allowed in the disposal of certain features, such as collars, cuffs, and pockets. Thus, the cut of the jacket may be plain almost to severity, but the slit of the pockets will be tilted obliquely, or a wide collar may be effectively gathered into narrow revers. Many models lately arrived from Paris show a recurrence of the high collar, and in nearly every case these are garnished with fur trimmings; but instead of presenting an unbroken circle of fur round the throat, the trimming is arranged in narrow strips interspersed with equal spaces of the plain material.

Clothes for the Schoolgirl.

Now that September is with us, the end of the school summer holidays is well in sight. Every minute of the last few days is enjoyed in order to prolong the time as much as possible, but even so, the days slip by, and the question of school outfits looms on the horizon. A visit to Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, will dispose of the matter once for all, for in their salons will be found complete equipments for school-girls of all ages. Two delightful little frocks suitable for girls from twelve to fourteen are illustrated at the top of the page. Sets of tiny tucks, arranged vertically on the long bodice and horizontally on the skirt, form the chief decoration of the pretty voile frock sketched on the left. Round the neck, waist

and sleeves are insertions of filet lace, and narrow strands of voile make the knotted tassel. Navy-blue gabardine and scarlet silk braid compose the charming frock on the right, which is slashed in the front from neck to waist, showing an insertion of white organdie sewn with a row of round scarlet buttons. The loose sleeves are ornamented in the same manner, and the edges of the low pockets are embroidered with scarlet silk.

The Regulation Outfit.

A navy-blue serge tunic and a coat and skirt of the same material must be included in every school outfit, and the two examples of these garments pictured below are carried out by Harvey Nichols' in the best quality serge. The costume is particularly adapted to the needs of the very youthful schoolgirl, as the skirt under the little double-breasted pilot jacket is attached to a bodice slip, so that a pouched blouse can be worn over it. The tunic is built on the regulation school pattern lines, with three box-pleats at the back and front, and may be had in all sizes, either with or without the girdle composed of the same material, which can be replaced by a leather belt. School equipments for which only the best-quality materials are employed may necessitate a larger initial outlay, but they are undoubtedly more economical in the end, as the garments will wear indefinitely without becoming shabby, and that in spite of the extremely hard usage to which children invariably subject their clothes. The quality



Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, have chosen navy-blue serge for both the charming school costume and the neat little tunic.

of the fabrics employed by Harvey Nichols' for their school outfits is so good that the garments enjoy an unusually long life.

[Continued overleaf.]

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Novelty in Hats.

A remarkable success in the creation of a convertible hat has crowned the efforts of Robert Heath's, 37, Knightsbridge, who have evolved the beige fur-felt sporting

scalloped hem. Under the transparent dress is worn a pretty royal-blue crêpe-de-Chine slip, and the whole effect is completed by a jet girdle. A more elaborate frock, becoming certainly to a dark woman, but perfectly

of the undeniable charm of the Radior preparations is due to the beautiful manner in which they are put up. The tapering amber-glass bottle which contains their hair-tonic is a delightful ornament to any toilet-table, and so, too, is the delicately painted box containing their Radior face-powder, which is priced at 5s. 9d. a box, and can be had in a variety of shades suitable to all complexions. All interested in the scientific care of beauty should apply for their face catalogue and treatise on radium.



A trio of attractive hats for which Robert Heath, 37, Knightsbridge, is responsible.

hat pictured above on the left. It may be worn either as a pull-on hat or as a toque, for the brim is double, and, on the upper side, unattached to the crown, so that it can be pulled up to cover the ribbon and the little sporting mount, leaving only the top of the crown visible. It is, indeed, a most charming and original invention, and should find favour with all sportswomen. The hat in the centre is of black velvet, with a stitched crown and brim, and can be rolled up or crushed without sustaining injury, while the toque on the right is really a tammy to which a short brim has been added. It is composed of black waterproof velvet, which will not spot in the rain, and a noticeable feature is that the fullness of the material is gathered, not at the base of the crown, but at the top, where it folds into overlapping pleats.

Children's Week at Harrod's.

In view of the approach of the autumn term, Harrod's, Knightsbridge, are holding a display week, opening on September 4, in which special prominence will be given to boys' and girls' school outfits. There is no place where clothes and equipment generally are subjected to more critical attention than at school, and at no time in life is the individual so sensitive to public opinion as during those early years. Every mother should see that her children's outfits are correct down to the smallest detail. The fact that anything originates from Harrod's is a sufficient guarantee of its value and suitability, whether it be clothing, tuck-box, trunk or games' paraphernalia; and if it is impossible to pay a personal visit to Harrod's during the week, those whose children are of school age, or even younger, should send for the illustrated catalogues and price lists.

Afternoon and Evening Frocks.

There is something most alluring about the tea-gown or afternoon frock. It has none of the formality of a complete evening toilette, while allowing full scope for the artistic originality of the designer. Nelson's, of 159, Sloane Street, are displaying a number of delightful models, including a particularly charming cerise velvet afternoon gown cut on straight, unbroken lines, and falling in a point on the left-hand side. The material is gauged over the hips, forming on the left-hand side a loose panel or wing, which is edged with dark fur. In another frock, closely arranged bands of royal-blue and black silk braid embroidery are imposed on a net foundation in an intricate and fascinating pattern. The fulness of the material is gathered at each side of the low waist-line, and falls in graceful folds to the

irresistible if worn by a fair or auburn-haired girl, is composed of eau-de-Nil georgette—that lovely pale-green tint, softer than jade, which harmonises so well with a light colouring. Moonlight glass beading ornaments the wide, low belt, the pointed hem of the skirt, and the edge of the simple cross-over bodice, which is supplemented at the back and front by a straight slip.

Radium as an Aid to Beauty.

It would indeed be difficult to speak too highly of the splendid services rendered to the cause of beauty by the Radior Company, 15, Old Quebec Street, Marble Arch. The curative and other beneficial properties of radium are universally recognised to-day, and the Radior Company have secured a supply of actual natural radium, a definite quantity of which is incorporated in all their excellent toilet preparations. These are guaranteed to retain their radio-activity for twenty years, and to be prepared from the purest and finest ingredients. Peau-de-Velours, their fragrant radium face-cream for night use, and Radior Vanishing Cream, which forms an excellent foundation for powder during the day, exercise a remarkably invigorating and rejuvenating effect on the skin, and may be had for 2s. 9d. a small jar. Radior restorer for grey hair, which is supplied at 5s. 9d. a bottle, is in no sense a dye, but an exceedingly good preparation which gives back to the faded hair its former vigour and youthful colouring. Not a little

When Winter Comes.

In the domain of clothes, unlike that of literature, there can be no question as to "if winter comes." It is rather a case of when winter comes, and it is probable that warm coats will be needed earlier than usual this year. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are already displaying a wide selection of long coats in the latest Paris designs: two of them are illustrated on this page. A distinctive note is struck by the novel, cylinder-shaped moleskin sleeves of the model on the left, in which the back and sleeves are composed of one unbroken width of fur. The foundation of the coat is mole jacquard—a new fabric which will figure among the most fashionable materials this autumn, and resembles stamped velours cloth. Black matalassé, a crêpe-de-Chine fabric, closely covered with silk thread work, is the material chosen for the other model. The loose side-panels are ornamented with flying fox, and so are the narrow cuffs and the upstanding collar. A noticeable feature of the sleeves is the wide elbow pouch which forms a kind of outer sleeve and hangs from the shoulder to halfway



An original sleeve formation occurs in both these attractive coats from Dickins and Jones. The model on the right is of moleskin and mole jacquard, while the other is expressed in black matalassé.

down the forearm. The belt is of self material, and encircles the front and sides only, finishing in a buckle of worked steel.

Take ENO on your Holiday

Change of air—change of living—even the mere fact of travelling—frequently derange the system. For this reason the early morning glass of water with a "dash" of ENO'S FRUIT SALT is as beneficial and desirable while on holiday as when you are at home. It clears the system and purifies the blood, thus enabling you to get the maximum benefit from the pure air and genial sunshine.

First thing every morning—drink

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During the hot weather a glass of ENO with a squeeze of lemon makes a delicious, refreshing, invigorating drink. The daily use of ENO removes in a perfectly natural manner

the causes of indigestion, loss of appetite, headache, rheumatic pains, lassitude and depression. Always keep a bottle handy. ENO is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

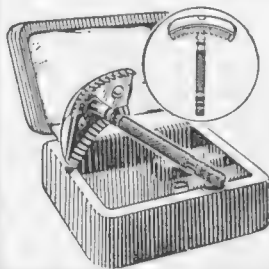
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Eliminate all the unpleasantness of perspiration by shaving the hollows of your arms. This will stop it immediately. Since the dawn of civilisation, Man has always used a keen steel edge to shave his beard, and this is the only way to remove unwanted hairs. Chemicals will not do it. They are costly, evil smelling and dangerous. Look at the curved head and blade of the PATENT DIANA RAZOR, which makes shaving absolutely safe and simple.



Razor and blade complete in silk-lined case, as illustrated. Heavily silver-plated and of elegant design, it makes the most useful of all presents. Extra blades 2/3 for 6.

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TALCUM-CLEAVER saves you money after you have purchased your first tin because you can obtain REFILLS to fit the empty container for 1/- each. This fine, sterilized, antiseptic, absorbent TALCUM-CLEAVER is therefore a big economy as well as a safeguard. You are recommended to try it.

Ask your Chemist or Stores for

The germ-proofed dusting powder in the patent refillable tin.



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ULYSSES UP-TO-DATE.—(Continued from p. 348.)

the furniture, and came down and recognised you, nothing would make her marry old MacDougall to-morrow." Teddy paused impressively. "To-morrow the seven years are up!"

"Perhaps," agreed Leys stolidly; "but to-night I have come back."

"Well, there's nothing to prevent you from going again. I won't split on you, you can take my oath; and your conscience can be quite at rest about the mater, now you know she isn't wringing her hands or any of that picturesque sob stuff; and you're dying to return to your Circe—you said so!—and her *cordon bleu* and all the rest of it; and she is dying to have you back—it can only be sheer cussedness that would make you stay now. Unless," added Teddy maliciously, after a pause, "unless Circe has kicked you out?"

Hugh Leys leant disconsolately over the steamer rail and watched the white cliffs of Dover recede from sight. His return home had not been the success he anticipated. . . .

Nor, having boasted so much, could he afterwards have enlightened Teddy as to the complete non-existence of any Circe whatsoever.

[THE END.]

BRAZIL'S CENTENARY EXHIBITION.

THE name of Brazil has always spelled romance, and many people have echoed Rudyard Kipling's words: "I'd love to roll to Rio one day before I die." If one feels the urge of this desire, this is the moment to decide on the trip, for, in order to commemorate the Centenary

pavilions of the great countries taking part in the Exhibition have been erected along the new esplanade, the Avenue of the Nations. The British section occupies an important central position, and part of the buildings will remain as a permanent memorial. Apart from the actual trade exhibits, which will appeal to commercial and financial experts, there will be a round of magnificent spectacles and many entertainments for the benefit of visitors, as well as attractive sections devoted to fashion and dress, the fine arts, sport, Education and the public services. Important congresses will also be held during the Exhibition.

The British connection with Brazil is a very close one. British ships have been a predominant factor in the development of Brazilian commerce, and of these, pride of place must be given to the vessels of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, whose energies have been devoted to the interests of Brazilian trade, almost from its inception. The R.M.S.P. Company's ships have served Brazil for nearly three-quarters of a century. In July, 1850, the Company entered into a contract for the conveyance of Her Majesty's mails, and in the following January the service opened from Southampton, and has continued unbroken until now—even throughout the dangerous period of the war. It is a wonderful record.



ENGAGED: MISS VIOLET SHEPPARD AND MAJOR BEAUCHAMP DOMVILLE.

The marriage of Miss Violet Sheppard, of Folkestone, and Major Beauchamp Domville, late Royal Munster Fusiliers and King's Regiment (S.R.), will take place shortly. Major Domville served in the South African War, and also in the Great War. Since 1919 he has been employed as a King's Foreign Service Messenger.—[Photographs by Claude Harris and High St. Studio, Folkestone.]

of Brazilian Independence, a great International Exhibition is being held at Rio de Janeiro from September 7, 1922, till March 31, 1923. The Exhibition Grounds are in the Ponta do Calabouco, and the beautiful

the following January the service opened from Southampton, and has continued unbroken until now—even throughout the dangerous period of the war. It is a wonderful record.

SOARING INTO POPULARITY

More Motorists than ever are now using
SHELL MOTOR OILS as well as Shell Spirit.

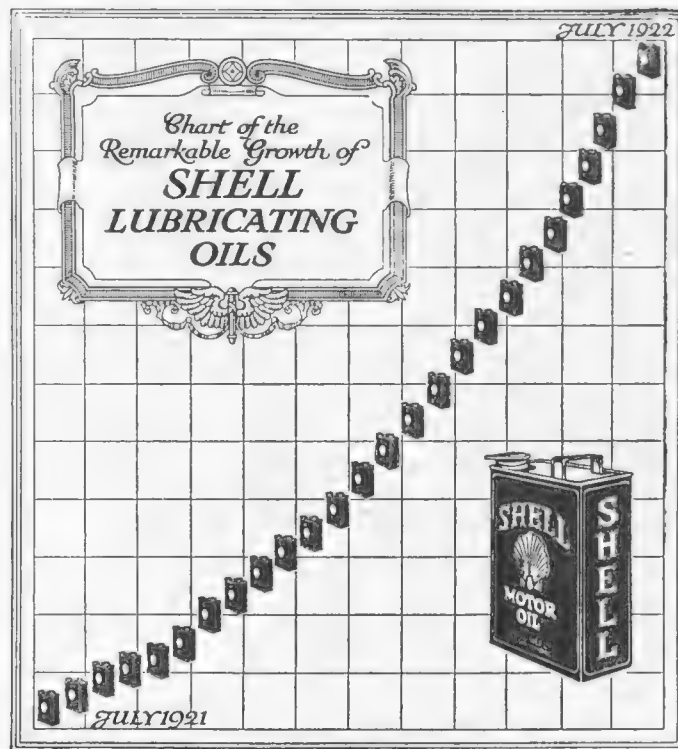
No lubricating oil has ever made such rapid strides in public favour as have "Shell" Motor Lubricating Oils since they were placed upon sale a year ago.

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You will find them the same quality as "Shell" Spirit — THE BEST. Shell Lubricating Oils maintain perfect lubrication at all engine speeds, and reduce your repair bills.

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In quart, half-gallon, and gallon
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*"From far fetcht Indies, and Virginia's soyle,
"Here Smith is come to shew his Art and skill:
"He was the Smith that hammered famins foyle,
"And on Powhatan's Emperour had his will"*

The "THREE CASTLES" Virginia Cigarettes

THE CIGARETTE WITH THE PEDIGREE.

are representative of the Art and Skill of English Gentlemen whose Ancestors like to the redoubtable Captain John Smith were early afield in the cultivation of Virginian Plantations - these "Cigarettes with the Pedigree" are appreciated by Fighting Men and Men of Peace - by Seamen and Soldiers too, for in every one there is wrapped that delightful leaf grown in that sunkissed land of old Virginia.

*"There's no sweeter Tobacco
comes from Virginia
and no better Brand than
"THREE CASTLES"*

W.M. Thackeray

"The Virginians"

W.D. & H.O. WILLS. BRISTOL & LONDON
ENGLAND

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THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

The New Woman.

For the second time in the history of sports we have seen Women's Olympic Games. Seventy-seven young girls and young women of the two continents of America and Europe met at the Pershing Stadium, in the Bois de Vincennes, for flat-racing, jumping, javelin-throwing, shot-putting—and other sports. Parisians are getting to be sport-lovers; and as the sun deigned to shine, thousands of them crowded trams and Métros to go where pleasure called. Five nations were represented. Great Britain sent thirteen competitors, the United States sent fifteen, Czecho-Slovakia ten, Switzerland seven, and France alone had thirty-two women athletes. A new kind of woman is coming into birth who prefers the healthy outdoor games to the delights of tango and shimmy on slippery floors.

Erudition for All.

Decidedly, Fashion is in a serious mood. Development of muscles is not enough for her. She decrees her last word to be—erudition. Indeed, our time is full of interest. Feminism works without noise. It creeps on its way unnoticed, until one fine day apparent results betray it. Little Mademoiselle gains more independence every day. The French girl reveals the secret of her dreams. She aims at knowledge. Already the *bourgeoisie* have yielded a good number of *bachelières*, doctors, advocates, etc. This fashion is now consecrated by the *grand monde*. Nobility enters the arena. The 1922 *bachelières* count among them the sixteen-year-old daughter of Comte de la Rochefoucauld, while the eighteen-year-old daughter of Comte de Lubersac passed her examination

of the first year of medical studies brilliantly. It is a sign of the times. Ignorance is no more *de bon ton*. The *élégantes* of Deauville would do well to speed up to Paris and take up Latin studies if they want to be on a level with their younger rivals.



ENJOYING HIS STUDDY DOGS PORTFOLIO:
A PROMISING TWO-YEAR-OLD.

Master Ivor Hazel Jones, here seen amused by the Study Dogs, is the son of Mr. F. H. Jones.

Mistinguett.

Mlle. Mistinguett has just come back from New York. She is pleased to find herself again in the French city, which, after the whirling life of the American town, appears to her quiet and intimate. She is to play at the Casino

de Paris, which is in process of being rebuilt and will soon be ready for reopening. But in February she will go back to New York, where a revue, "Paris-New York," is waiting for her.

White or Black?

The Théâtre Français is going through a crisis of rejuvenescence. New ideas are not unwelcome. The younger party of the Maison de Molière put forward daring projects, and their voice is not unheard. M. Granval has been entrusted with the *décors* and costumes of "Hamlet," which is to be produced next season. M. de Max is going to be Hamlet. But he does not altogether accept M. Granval as his costumier. There is a little war inside the Comédie. For the last *tableau* M. Granval has conceived a large white patch where Hamlet conspicuously stands out in black garb. M. de Max insists on appearing in white attire. M. Granval tears his hair. All the effect of his *décor* would be ruined; and, on the other hand, a black stage is out of his conception. What will happen? Black or white—that is the question!

All Playwrights.

The art of dramatic author is, at the Comédie, like a contagious disease. It spreads widely. Among the actor-authors we have M. Le Bary, who gave last season at the Odéon, "Une Danseuse est Morte"; Jules Truffier, Georges Berr, Maurice de Féraudy, Silvain; the secretary, M. Georges Ricou; and the young Roger Gaillard, who has written an act in verse—"La Sirène"—which Mme. Fernande Cabanel will produce at the Tréteau Fortuny. The contagion has now extended to actresses. Mlle. Marie Leconte is writing a play—"Le Lien"—which is an apology for conjugal tenderness.

JEANNETTE.

A Duck



De Reszke

The Aristocrat of CIGARETTES

Miss Hilda Trevelyan
writes:—

"I have now found in the 'De Reszke' Cigarette what I have for a long time wished, a delightfully cool cigarette."

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This attractive and useful Suit has been designed for the coming Season, and is made from novelty woollen stockinette with silk stripe. It is very becoming, and is especially suitable for Holiday or early Autumn wear.

STOCKINETTE SUIT (as sketch), a most becoming style, made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody from novelty woollen stockinette with silk stripe. The coat has a roll front edged silk braid to tone, and skirt is pleated at sides to give extra fulness and braided to match coat.

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SCHOOL OUTFITS.

We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements.

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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"CANCELLED it, my boy," Our Stroller overheard. "I fixed up for the third week in August; but we don't get business in Kaffirs so often that we can afford to lose it when the wind blows in our direction."

"Sent the family away, I suppose?"

"Yes, rather. Killed two birds with one stone. Peaceful time at home by myself, and the chance of a week or two among the pheasants in October."

"Hope you're better as a shot than a cynic. *Pour moi*, I'm horribly tempted to sell my Rand Mines."

"Because you have a bit of a profit, I suppose? Thought so. But you won't know what to put the money into."

"True, O King. I got out of my Randfontein too quickly, bad luck to them. Made three bob a share, but I could have had five by waiting."

"Greedy as ever. Must have the top brick off every chimney, or you're not satisfied. And you talk about clearing out of Rand Mines, at the time when the rise is about to begin."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it," said another jobber stoutly. "The Cape's at the back of the show this time."

"M. And when the Cape turns a seller, you'll have no more chance of getting out than a rabbit when they're cutting the last triangle in the cornfield."

"The rabbit gets out, but he don't get away very far," observed a broker, as he pointed his jobbing-book against the right shoulder.

"Kaffirs are all right. I'm quite content

to keep on the bull tack," maintained the previous supporter. "The trouble is to hold your shares: buyers come along, take them from you, and you don't get the shares back again."

"Do you Stock Exchange members pay any brokerage?" asked Our Stroller inquisitively.

The group stared hard and stonily.

"Well, I'm——" began one man.

But a broker said it was rather an interesting point. "In my own firm," he continued, "we make a point of charging ourselves half-commission on any individual spec."

"What's the use of that? You only have to pay income tax on it," a dealer pointed out.

"There's that about it, but we do so little ourselves that it makes no particular difference, and——" The A.B.C. van cut short his sentence.

"Silly idea, I call it," snorted one of his previous audience. "Don't see any sense in it. Of course, we're supposed to charge commission to our wives and our relatives; but to pay it on your own business—pooh!"

Our Stroller turned away to go into Slater's. There was the usual knot of men gathered on the steps, and one was holding forth about the affairs of Europe in general and Germany in particular.

"Of course she can pay," he declared. "Nobody can doubt it, if he has any sense."

"Look here, young feller-me-lad," retorted a languorous individual. "I've read enough to make my poor brain reel like a fishing-line when you're pulling in a pike——"

"Make it a salmon, old chap. A salmon-trout at least."

"——and I've read both sides, trying to find out what is the real truth, and I am absolutely baffled by the contradictory views one gets from perfectly good authorities."

"Sancho Panza found out the truth when he saw the debtor hand the other chap his stick with the money in it, and swear that the creditor had been paid. And America won't let us off. She isn't going to play Don Quixote, anyway."

"Who wants her to let us off? It isn't our way to refuse payment of our debts."

"All the same, it might pay the States to come to some sort of arrangement that would benefit her trade as well as ease the situation all round."

"That's so, but the offer to do so must come from her in the first place. Until it does, let's stick to our bargains."

"A bargain is a bargain: that's the first Rule of the Stock Exchange," another man needlessly reminded them.

"But a bargain can be altered, or even scratched, by mutual arrangement."

"It's a complicated mess-up," admitted the man-who-was-ready-to-pay. "And if something isn't done, poor old France will be *dans le consommé*, so to speak."

"Can't make out what to do with my French Bonds."

"Well, if France goes down, financially, our own country will be prettily heavily hit. Therefore I think that as the two of us are so closely bound up, French Bonds ought not to be sold."

"Think it's right to buy any more to average?"

"Of course, you can always average through buying something else; people think they must buy the same stuff to average, but that isn't so at all."

"How can you average in French Bonds by buying anything different? That's a corker for you."

"Not a bit. You can average in——"

"The War Loan," said Our Stroller, as he passed into Slater's.—Friday, Aug. 25, 1922.



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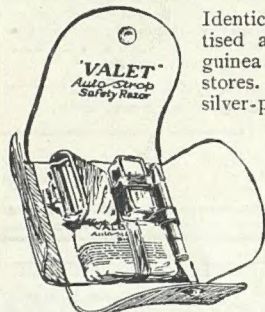
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